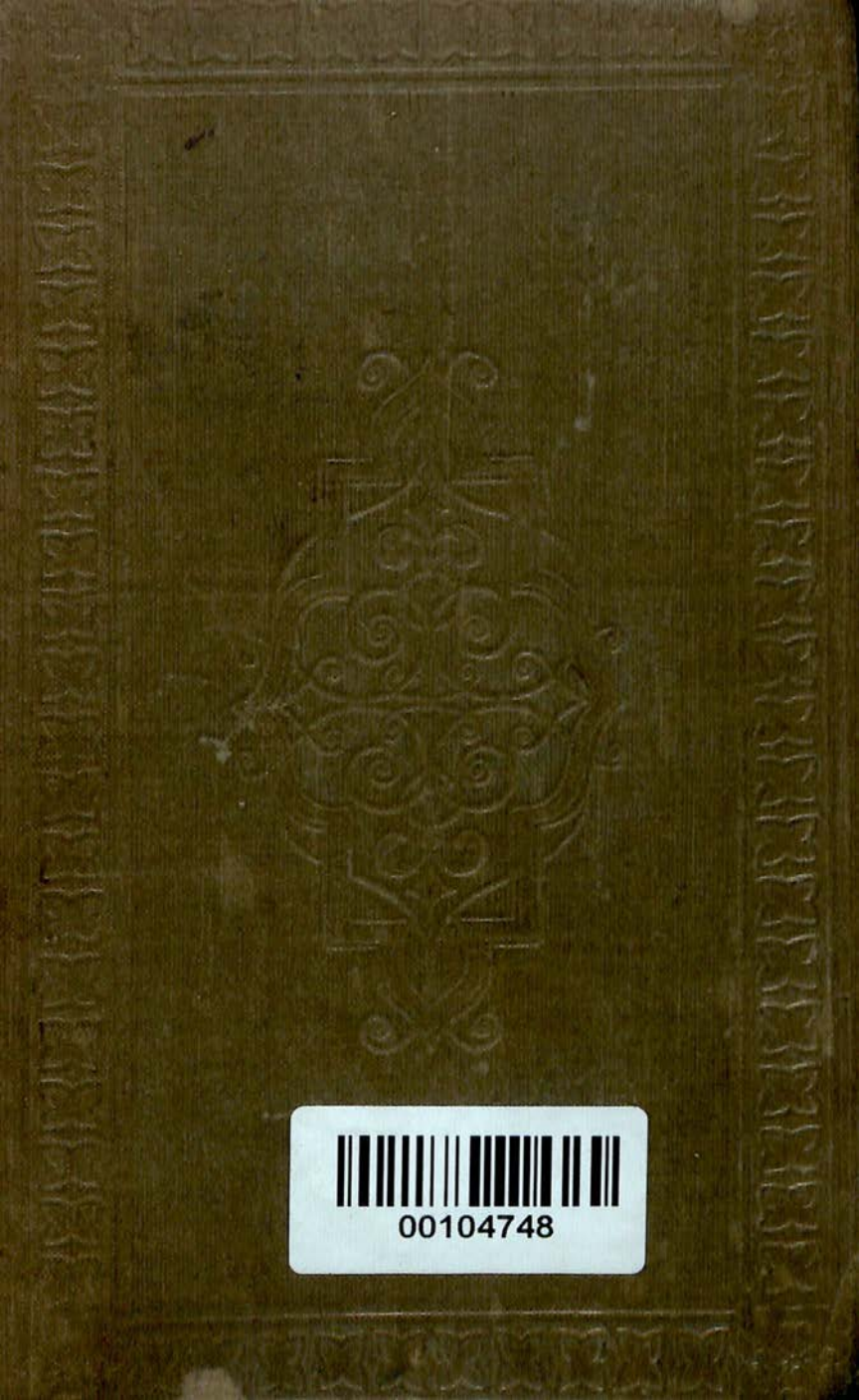
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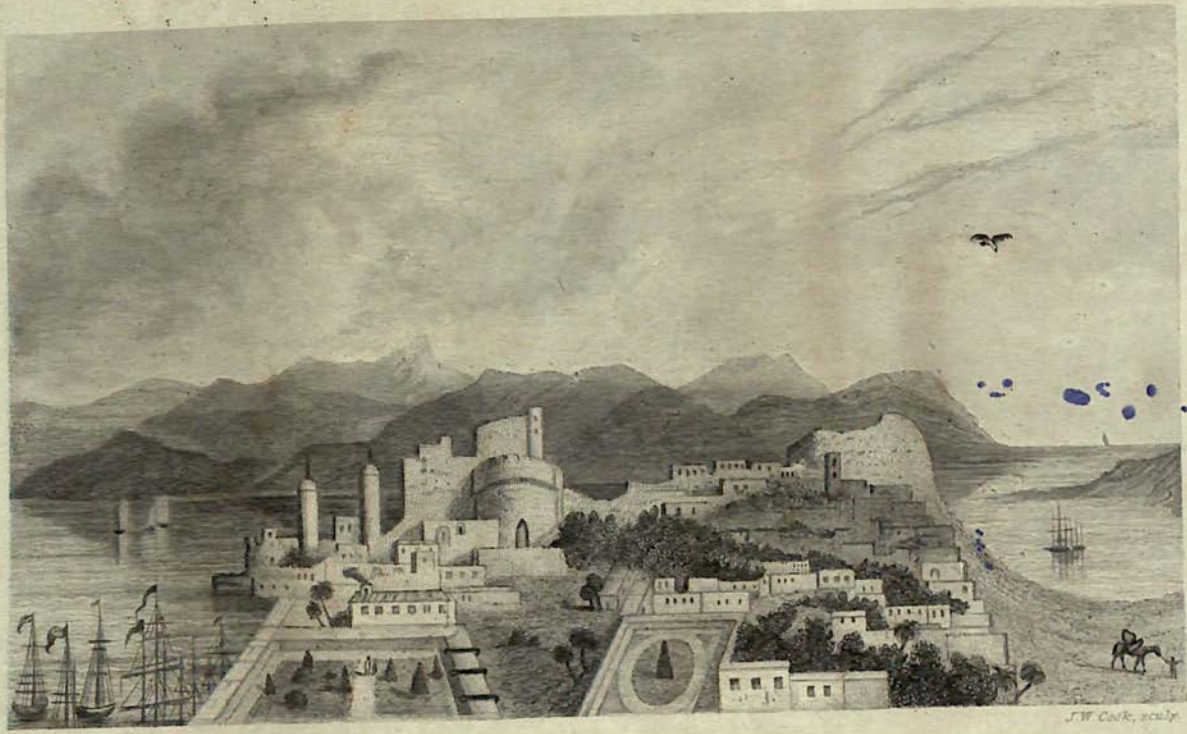

Rev.d H. Christmas del.

J.W. Cook, sculp.

PART OF THE CITY OF CORFU.

FROM THE CITADEL.

THE

SHORES AND ISLANDS

OF THE

MEDITERRANEAN,

INCLUDING A VISIT TO

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.

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BY THE

REV. H. CHRISTMAS, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF

"THE CRADLE OF THE TWIN GIANTS, SCIENCE AND HISTORY,"

ETC.

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MAJORCA,

HELLAS, AND IONIA,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

COLLECTIONS OF PICTURES, STATUES, AND MEDALS—GALLERY OF THE COUNT DE MONTENEGRO—PAINTING BY MICHAEL ANGELO—MAP BY VALSEQUA—AUTOGRAPH OF AMERIGO VESPUCCI—DISMAL ACCIDENT—MAP BY JACQUES FERRER—CABINET OF COINS—LIBRARY—GALLERY AT RAXA—STATUE OF ALCIBIADES—BUSTS OF AUGUSTUS AND ASPASIA—STATUE OF APOLLO—MUMMY—STATUETTES—BASSI RELIEVI—SINGULAR AND FRIGHTFUL SUBJECT—CABINET OF THE COUNT DE AYAMANS—OF DON ANTONIO FURIO—OF THE VISCOUNT DE CONSERANS—COSTLY CABINET OF EBONY—SINGULARLY FITTED-UP ROOMS IN THE ESCURIAL—SMALL DRAWING-ROOM IN LONDON—ANECDOTE OF A SAILOR AND A LATE ADMIRAL.

AMONG the collections of antiquities and pictures in Majorca, the chief are those of the Count de Montenegro, the Count de Ayamans, and that of Don Pedro Very; the museums also of the Marchioness of Ariany, the Viscount de Conserans, the Count de Formiguerra, and MM. Bover and

Furio, are all worthy of attention. The number, both of antiquaries and of the admirers of the fine arts, is daily increasing; and the invariable kindness with which the Majorcan nobility throw open their collections to the public is deserving of all imitation, as well as all praise.

We shall commence this account with the museums of the first-named nobleman. He possesses a superb collection of statues and other antiquities at his country-house at Raxa, a valuable gallery of paintings, and a fine collection of Greek, Roman, and mediæval coins and medals. These last, together with the paintings, are at Palma. They were for the most part collected by the Cardinal Despuig, one of the most learned men of his age, and no less distinguished by his taste than by his erudition. He expended large sums in procuring pictures, statues, books, and antiquities of every kind to enrich his native island, and his name is mentioned with gratitude to this day. A true type of the old Spanish noble, he employed his magnificent position as a prince of the church to instruct and advance his fellow countrymen; and his worthy representative,

the present Count de Montenegro, now an octogenarian, knows no greater delight than to make his treasures of art available for the public benefit. The pictures, which are upwards of two hundred in number, comprise a magnificent St. Jerome, by Spagnoletti, three works by Vandyk, one of which is a portrait of himself, and another a portrait of Rubens, a portrait of a lady from the hand of Rubens, a Virgin by Zurbaran, a Saint Francisco d'Assis by Murillo, a Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto, two or three paintings attributed to Raphael, (and one, I have no doubt, rightly,) and a small crucifixion painted on panel by Michael Angelo.

This last is perhaps the gem of the collection: it is of exquisite beauty, and in the most perfect preservation. I remember some years ago seeing a small painting by this great master, at the Jesuits' College at Stonyhurst, and like this, in the collection of the Count de Montenegro, it had all the elaborate finish of a miniature. There are also several fine Flemish pictures; and though there are, as in all collections, a large number of pictures of inferior value, yet the gallery deserves to rank high as a whole. Mosaic work is repre-

sented by a fine picture of the Virgin, and tapestry by two pieces which were fabricated in Paris by Geo. Simonet, and presented to Pope Pius VI., by whom they were given to the Cardinal. I was much pleased to find that many paintings had been very judiciously restored. Don José Arran had been sent for from Barcelona for this purpose; and he had executed his task in a highly satisfactory manner, keeping in mind, that the business of a restorer is to bring out what the original master has done, and not to repaint or amend.

In the library is a valuable collection of historical and theological books, and many illuminated MSS., not a few of which display that taste which has a Moorish origin. The arabesque borders are often copied from the Alhambra and the Alcazar, a style of ornament, of which many beautiful examples are to be found in the new illustrated edition of the Romacero General, recently published at Madrid. One book of "*the Office of the Blessed Virgin*" is singularly fine in its illuminations; it is of the fifteenth century, and was probably executed in Provence, for the calendar is in French; that it was for the use of some noble lady

shown by the concluding sentence, *Et in novissimis diebus meis, ostende mihi, famulæ tuæ, benignissimam faciem tuam!* "And show in my last days thy most benign countenance to me thy handmaid!"

But the great boast of the library is a map about two feet and a-half in length, and two feet wide; it was executed by Gabriel Valsequa, A. D. 1439, and bears an inscription to that effect in the words, "Gabriel de Valsequa la feta en Mallorcha l'any MCCCCXXXVIIII." The names of places and many curious descriptions are written in Catalan. On one side is the still more interesting epigraph and *autograph*,—"*Questa ampia pesse de Giografia fu pagata da Americo Vespuci CXXX. ducati d'oro di marco.*" The cardinal purchased this treasure at Florence, and showed it to the abbés Andres and Lampillas, who by a strict comparison verified the autograph of the great navigator. It contains all the then known world, marks every state with its armorial bearings, and points out by appropriate figures the sites of the chief battles and other deeds of renown.

The Majorcan writers mention another map of nearly equal antiquity in the Carthusian Monastery

of *Val de Christo,* near Segorbe, and which was probably executed to show the discovery of the *rio d'oro* on the coast of Guinea: the shores of Spain, and those of Africa, are accurately delineated; it shows the arms of various nations, is adorned with portraits of contemporary sovereigns, gives many historical notices, and extends westward as far as the Canary Islands and those of Cape Verde. Opposite to these last is represented the embouchure of the *Rio d'oro,* or Gambia, and before this last a ship with the inscription underneath, "*isque lo uxar den Jacques Ferrer per anar al ria del or al jiorn de S. Lorens, qui es a x agost* e fo l'any MCCCCXXXXVI."

This interesting work of art has passed through many vicissitudes. Some few years ago it was in Paris, and there it was copied and published by M. Buchon, who accompanied it with a volume, in which the Catalan inscriptions were translated and explained. With this was also published another map of the planetary system as then understood, and pictures of the ships of the period, among which is the "*uxar den Jacques Ferrer.*"

The map of the world by Valsequa was for

centuries kept rolled up, till a frightful accident procured it the advantage of a frame. When Madam Dudevant was in Majorca, she went to see the collections and library of the Count de Montenegro, and this map was unrolled to be exhibited to her. As the parchment was strong, it required a weight to be put upon it to keep it from rolling up again, and the unlucky wight, in whose hands it was, could think of nothing better than an inkstand full of ink, to act as the weight required. Gradually the force of the curved parchment pushed this most unhappy of all paper weights from its place, till having acquired sufficient leverage, just as the map was fully unrolled, crack went the parchment, over went the inkstand, and isles, portraits, ships, continents, and battles were inundated by one wide-spreading black sea! The almoner almost fainted, a score of servants ran up literally provided with sponges, *brooms*, and a pail of water! Had not the almoner come most opportunely to himself the whole map would have been a wreck; as it was, a few small islands and some battles, with a proportionate allowance of descriptions, perished, but after five

years the whole map was repaired, cleaned as far as possible, and framed, so that no accident of the same kind is likely to happen again. It is but justice to Madame Dudevant to admit that she had no hand in this destruction; she was not, it seems, even near the table, but they do not fail in Palma to lay all the blame on the lady's shoulders; and her manifold injustices towards the Majorcans, must be considered as a set off to a small instalment of unfairness towards herself. It is, however, to this circumstance that the map owes the advantage of being placed in a neat frame, and hung on the wall of the library.

The collection of medals is large, probably amounting to some seven or eight thousand, and there are among them some rare and fine coins. But here I would observe, *en passant*, that I have never seen a collection of coins either in Spain or Italy, except the royal cabinet at Madrid, which was not disgraced by a great number of counterfeits. In general it may be said that those which are rare are not genuine, and those that are genuine are not rare. There is one great recommendation in the cabinets of Majorca, that the

coins which they contain have been nearly all found in the island. Thus if they be neither fine nor rare, they have their historical value, and are more precious than the most costly medals elsewhere. But the most valuable portion of the Count's antiquarian treasures is at his splendid country seat at Raxa, distant *two hours and a-half* from Palma, between two pleasant mountains. Here are deposited the fruits of the excavations made by the Cardinal in the territory of Ariccia, from the year 1787 to the year 1796. His good fortune in this undertaking is more remarkable, inasmuch as just before, our countryman, Mr. Gavin Hamilton, had spent a large sum of money in fruitlessly digging in the same district.

On the walls of the vestibule are ranged fifty-four ancient inscriptions, all of them in good preservation, and many possessing a high degree of interest; the statues, which are in a hall 53 feet by 26, are twenty-two of full size, seventeen busts, and twelve smaller figures, among which are many of great merit. This collection would have been considerably greater had it not been for the seizure of some busts, statues, and inscriptions,

by the French; and it doubtless owes its present completeness to the fact that the spoilers never obtained possession of Majorca. There is, however, a sad discrepancy between the lists made at Rome of the specimens which should have been sent, and the actual state of the museum at Raxa. The most valuable of its contents, in the opinion of connoisseurs, is a head of Augustus; it is of fine workmanship, and exhibits that mixture of gentleness and decision so remarkable in this extraordinary man. Next in point of value is a statue of Alcibiades, most interesting from its rarity. The Cardinal caused a copper plate to be engraved representing this statue; the plate was the work of Nicolas Besanzon, and is worthy of the subject. There is another representation of it in the Clementine Museum, (vol. vi. p. 55,) and a dissertation of some length on the original.

It is impossible to see this statue without feeling its truth; to the phrenologist and the physiognomist alike it tells the character of the man; it needs no name; "the curled son of Clinias" is all but breathing before us. We see his versatility, his vanity and his power; there is so much of wit,

and so much of genius, and so much of rascality, and so much of benevolence, that

> "We seem to see
> Not one—but all mankind's epitome."

We believe,—rather we feel,—that he could "bite like a lion." It requires scarce an effort of imagination to arm that hand with the shears, and curtail his unfortunate dog. In that brow and eye we see the latent energy which could control the most mercurial and the most changeable of populaces. It is a Jupiter, but it is a Jupiter Scapin.

The removal of this statue, and of the bust of Augustus above named, greatly grieved the Romans, and they tried hard to induce the Cardinal to allow his new found treasures to remain in Italy. But their efforts were in vain; Despuig was a true Majorcan, and believed nothing too good for his beloved island. There is a bust also of Poppæa, who looks quite the modern fine lady. There is a singular degree of affectation in the busts of this empress, and I question much whether the taste of the present day would pronounce her beautiful. If any face ever expressed silly vanity it is surely that of this

celebrated beauty of Rome. Nero himself, her excellent husband, has a place in the museum, and as the bust is one of his later years, it is more the countenance of a fiend than a man. Lucius Verus, too, the cold, dry, cruel, and intolerably vain coxcomb, shows his characteristic visage, a man whose very vices were passionless, and whose cruelty was iced. But perhaps the most generally interesting is the bust of Aspasia; passionate, voluptuous, and highly intellectual, the kind of admiration she excited becomes easily intelligible; there is a mind to converse with Socrates, and a form to lay even the fickle Alcibiades in chains. Porred, in his "Musée des Familles," has engraved this captivating bust, and made it the text of an interesting disquisition. There is a statue of Apollo, which had evidently been placed in the temple of his mother Latona, at Ariccio, and which bears the name of the sculptor, Apomonius.

Among the bassi-relievi there is one which, though far from pleasing, is a work of great artistic merit. It represents the combat between two candidates for a certain priesthood. One naked

figure, with a sash tied round his neck and a knife in his hand, has just mortally wounded another who lies on the ground, holding in with both hands his bowels to keep them from protruding. Around are various priests and servants of the temple: the Cardinal had an inscription placed on this to explain it. Besides these, there are innumerable bronzes, vessels of glass and pottery, lamps, columns, altars, arms offensive and defensive, household implements of every description, and a mummy with its genealogical chart. It will be unnecessary to enumerate the various objects of interest which this museum contains; suffice it to say that among collections of the second order it must hold a very high rank, and is superior to some having the title of National.

The cabinet of the Count de Ayamans is only of medals and coins; but is the best by far in Palma. The noble proprietor has formed it entirely himself, and almost wholly of coins found in the island. The Roman series is fine, especially in silver, and that of first brass is varied and valuable, although the numismatists will necessarily reject the statement of Cortada, that the count possesses a genuine

first brass of Otho; the medal in question is a Paduan. I was much gratified by the scientific manner in which this collection was arranged, and especially with the rare and interesting series of mediæval and modern Majorcan coins. Those of the conqueror and his son bear a strong resemblance to the groats of James I. and II. of Scotland, and the identity of name makes the similarity more striking. The count presented me with two fine groats of Don Jaime II., and with three square Moorish coins of silver found in the neighbourhood of his country house.

The Balearic collectors find it difficult to complete the Roman series for want of the Byzantine coins, which are there scarce and dear. There does not appear any reason why this should be the case, as the connexion between Majorca and the latter empire was as much kept up as that between Spain and Constantinople: yet the Constantinopolitan series is extremely difficult to complete here. The small thick potin coins of Egypt too are also of high price; and it is in these series that the Palma collections are most defective. A very accurate judgment as to the genuineness of coins can

hardly be expected where there are few and small collections; and hence the numismatist so situated is peculiarly liable to be imposed on by venders of fictitious medals.

The cabinet of Don Joaquin Bover is rich in colonial and municipal medals, and his library contains some valuable specimens of early Majorcan printing. That of Don Antonio Furio is adorned by many extremely fine imperial and consular silver. Scarcely any excavations have been made in the island, and these collections have been made of coins found here and there by chance. Were well directed excavations effected it is probable that the results would be highly successful, for Majorca has suffered less from revolutions than the continent, and the great number of coins discovered, as we have mentioned, is enough to prove that the island was well peopled in the Roman era, and probably a favourite residence. It is very likely that researches will be made before long, for the number of antiquaries is rapidly increasing, and the value set on objects of ancient art becomes greater every day.

In the museum of the Viscount de Conserans are two celts, and a sword of bronze, found in a

cairn, like that called *el claper dels gegants,* many bronze idols, and a small but choice cabinet of coins.

Majorca was celebrated, in the middle ages, for the great skill of its carvers in wood, and in the houses of the great are many specimens of remarkable beauty. One in the house of Villalonga Mir deserves especial praise. It is an ebony cabinet, and has been said to be the most perfect in existence. It is costly from the material, but far more so from the workmanship; and as to drawers, closets, pillars, arches, secret springs and panels, it is not to be matched. The Spaniards excel, or rather did excel in this kind of work. Charles IV. was a cabinet maker of unusual skill, and some desks and tables of his majesty's making are shown in the Escurial which would establish a high reputation for any joiner in London or Paris; and I could not help thinking when I looked on them, how great a blessing it would have been for Spain had he known how to make ministerial cabinets as well!

While speaking on this subject, I may mention that this taste, if not this ability, descended to the late king, Ferdinand VII. There is a suite of

four small rooms at one corner of the Escurial, fitted up especially for this monarch: they are entirely, floors, walls, and ceilings, of inlaid wood; the cost was enormous, and the effect very poor.

I was once taken into a small ill-shaped room over a shop in a narrow and dirty street in the city of London, in the decoration of which fourteen hundred pounds had been expended, and the manner in which the sin had been perpetrated was sufficiently curious. The proprietor had taken the pains to procure exquisitely beautiful panels of mahogany, rose-wood, and other wood of fine grain; and instead of panelling his rhomboidal drawing-room with these, he had actually put them into the hands of a coach painter to be accurately copied on common wood; and then, when the copy was finished, he had the satisfaction of knowing that it cost *four times* as much as the original; he assured us that the side of the marble mantlepiece which was built into the brick wall was beautifully polished, and had there been pictures, doubtless the frames would have been gilded at the back as well as on the face.

When the Diomede was paid off at the close of

the late American war, one of the sailors, seeing a certain admiral in a waistcoat which pleased his taste, ordered one to be made like it: but when the waistcoat came home, Jack was infinitely disgusted that the back was of inferior material. "Sir," said the tailor, "Admiral ——— had his waistcoat made like this—in fact we never make waistcoats in any other way." "That won't do for me," said our nautical friend, "I must have mine made all round alike!" The waistcoat was altered, and a day or two afterwards Jack met the admiral wearing the pattern waistcoat. Taking off his jacket, and turning leisurely round,

"Your honour," said he, to the admiral's unspeakable amusement, "they took you in; I would not let them cheat me, look here—no sham back, all round alike!"

This is a digression from the subject of Majorcan carving; I am sorry to say that the art has been allowed to die, and there are none now in the island who could properly even repair, I do not say rival, the works of their predecessors. This however must be understood only of these very remarkable and exquisite works;

for all ordinary carving they are capable enough, and as artificers of gold and silver ornaments they excel even the Barcelonese, who boast much the perfection to which they have carried this branch of industry. This comes down to them from the Moors. The same skill is found, even to this day, at Cordova, and the gold chains made there are valued as much as those of Trichinopoly.

CHAPTER II.

MINORCA—ROMAN REMAINS—SITUATION OF PUNIC CITY—ANTIQUITIES—ARCHAIC PERIOD—MOUNDS AND ALTARS—REMARKABLE ONE NEAR ALAIOR—OBJECTS OF THESE BUILDINGS—THEIR POSITION—REMAINS FOUND NEAR THEM—CAVES AND EXCAVATIONS—GREEK COINS FOUND—ROMAN REMAINS—MOORISH RELICS—CISTERNS—HOUSES—MODE OF BUILDING—GOVERNMENT OF MINORCA—CONSTITUTION OF DON JAIME—GOVERNMENT UNDER THE ENGLISH—MONASTERY OF MONTE TORO—ANECDOTES OF ROMAN CATHOLIC VENERATION FOR RELICS—LEGEND OF THE HOLY BULL—DESECRATION OF CHURCHES.

So much has been said of Minorca while describing the principal objects of interest in the larger island, that I have left little which will require a separate notice. The island is about the size of the Isle of Wight, and contains 236 square miles. It is divided into four *terminos,* those of Mahon, Alaior, Ciudadella, and the united termino of Mercadal and Ferrerias, and the population is about 35,000. The chief towns, Mahon and Cuidalla, have been already described, but something must be said on the probable spot of the Carthaginian city.

About the middle of the last century the Car-

melite monks of Santa Gracia commenced a magnificent building, but which, as the island was then in the possession of the English, they were not allowed to complete. In digging for the foundation, Roman coins, lamps, urns and lacrymatories were found in such profusion as to show beyond the possibility of a doubt that here had been a great Roman cemetery. Some persons at once fixed here the site of the ancient Mago, thus making it about half way between St. Philip's and the present Port Mahon; but as the Romans when they rebuilt Mago did not do it at once, but gradually, so as in the course of centuries to change it from a Carthaginian into a Roman town, it must have remained exactly in the same situation, and not, as some restored places, have occupied a site contiguous to that of the more ancient city. This being the case, a clue is afforded to the truth; for though the discovery of Roman remains may seem a strange argument for the vicinity of a Carthaginian city, yet when it is remembered that Mago was not destroyed, but only transferred to another power, it is as good a one as though every fragment excavated had borne a Phœnician inscription. By

a law of the twelve tables the Romans were prohibited from burying or burning their dead within their cities, a law which has been partially re-enacted among ourselves, and which ought never to have become obsolete. The Romans would no more have allowed a reservoir of subtle poison to be kept in vaults under the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, for the destruction of the public health, than they would have permitted a Smithfield cattle-market in the centre of their metropolis to endanger the lives and limbs of their citizens. This place, then, being a cemetery, was *without* and not *within* the city, and as the modern origin of St. Philip's and the great antiquity of Mahon are equally well ascertained, and the neighbourhood of the latter presents us with Roman remains enough to establish its claim, we may without much fear of contradiction decide that where Mahon now stands, the Carthaginian general had founded the city to which he gave his name.

The antiquities of Minorca may be divided into those of three periods, the first being the Archaic, the second the Roman, and the third the Moorish period. Of the first there are some particularly

interesting, and though the circular enclosures and mounds of which they chiefly consist are found in all the islands, yet they are more numerous as well as larger and more perfect in Minorca. One comparatively easy of access is situated about two miles eastward of Alaior, and this will serve as a specimen of the rest.

A circle of flat stones placed upright and close together encloses an area, the diameter of which is about two hundred yards. In the centre of this enclosure is a mass of rough stones about ninety feet in diameter, and about the same height. The building is strictly Cyclopean, having no kind of cement or mortar, and the stones fitted to each other as roughly as possible. Towards the south is an opening into the interior, which is a chamber of about ten feet in length and as much in diameter, but presents nothing remarkable. Up the outside is a spiral way about three feet in breadth, and at the top an area capable of affording standing room for six or seven persons, and the view from it is very fine. The whole stands on an eminence, so that the elevation above the level of the sea is probably

not less than three hundred feet. Within the enclosure, and at a little distance from the great mound, is an altar of peculiar construction. It consists of two large flat stones, evidently wrought with some care; one is sunk partially into the earth. The part above the surface is about sixteen feet in height, seven in breadth, and about twenty inches thick; this supports another stone laid flat upon it, so as to serve for a table, and the dimensions of which are about the same. There are two or three upright stones standing by it, and a circle of small rough stones surrounding it. If this vast table were intended to serve for an altar, of which there seems little or no reason to doubt, then there must have been some ascent provided for every sacrifice, for it does not appear that there was ever any permanent approach.

There are many such erections as this in Minorca, and very frequently the high mound or tower of rough stone and the altar are found within the same enclosure. But to what period do these Cyclopean structures belong, and to what use were they applied? That they were sepulchral monuments all antiquaries seem to be agreed, but

they certainly served some other purpose as well. It is said that they are built in such commanding situations, that there is not one from which one other at least cannot be discerned. They all have a view of the sea, and the islanders call them all Athalaiahs, or watch-towers. That they were not burial-places of the common people is clear enough from their comparatively small number, and that the enclosures were not used for this purpose is plain from the fact that few bones are ever found in them. If they were monuments to the illustrious dead, they were also made to be of service to the living; and when the vicissitudes through which this island has passed are taken into consideration, it will appear most probable that their great use was to be, what they are now called, watch-towers.

There is another circumstance which supports this theory, and that is the great number of artificial caves wrought in every part of the island as places of refuge. Caves of the same nature are found in Malta and in some parts of Italy, and seem to have served the same purpose. Nor did their utility pass away with the period of their excavation.

Dameto in his History says that the Moors made great use of them, and protracted their defence against the Christians for a much longer period than they otherwise could have done, from the facility with which they could retreat to these caves.

In the neighbourhood, I believe within the enclosure of one of these towers, some years ago a considerable number of *Greek* coins were dug up, which have found their way into the cabinets of Palma; and in Majorca, celts, axes of bronze, beads, and a Celtic sword, have been found in similar situations. The Roman remains in Minorca are not considerable: there does not appear to have been even a road; and perhaps, as the Romans must from and after the time of Metellus have kept a large naval force here, a road was of less consequence than in their continental possessions. A few inscriptions have been dug up, but mostly imperfect, and have all been published. No camps have been found, nor vestiges of any; no temples, no Roman bricks; and it would hence seem that the Roman troops were kept in and about the towns on the coast, and cared little for the interior.

The Moorish remains in Minorca are more numerous. They consist of watch-towers, castles, wells, and cisterns. The wells are of great importance; for as there are no rivers, it is on these wells that the inhabitants depend for their supply of water. They dig till they come to a black slate, on breaking through which the water rushes out with such force, that the persons employed in digging have to escape with all speed. Rain-water is collected on the roofs of the houses, and conveyed by canals to cisterns provided for the purpose. The first water is thrown away, but all that falls afterwards is kept. It deposits a thick sediment, and is then fit for use. Should any of these cisterns become foul, a few small eels are thrown in, and this generally rectifies the evil; if it fails, a bundle of fresh myrtle-tops are tried: if this is unsuccessful, the water is allowed to run away, and the cistern is cleaned.

In some parts of Minorca, rain-water alone is used for drinking, the well-water being considered unwholesome. This is particularly the case at Mercadal; and the seasons when rain-water is scarce are said to be particularly sickly at such places.

The most remarkable cisterns which the Moors have left, are two at Mount St. Agatha, a place which has been already noticed. These are composed of a kind of cement, moulded in frames, the marks of which are plainly to be seen, and then covered with a finer composition. This is peculiarly Moorish. Dr. Shaw * states that the walls of many cities in Barbary were built of this cement, and mentions its composition: "It is," he says, "a kind of mortar, made up of sand, lime, and small pebbles, which, being well tempered and wrought together, hath attained a strength and solidity equal to stone." These two cisterns are at the end of the plain, so as to collect all the water that falls on the houses there, and are said to contain nearly 550,000 gallons.

The buildings of Minorca have often excited astonishment in strangers for their solidity, the rooms being nearly all vaulted, and the houses made of freestone, so that scarcely any timber is used, and fires do comparatively little damage; tiles are used for flooring as well as roofing, and their cement is gypsum, which is very abundant.

* Travels in Barbary, p. 48.

The houses are in plan much like those of Majorca, save those at Port Mahon, which have been built in the English style, but the staircases are very inferior, nor is there the same taste and magnificence even in the best among them. The climate of Minorca is far from being so good as that of Majorca; the summer nights are as oppressive as those of Catalonia, and in many of the low lands agues are as common as at Alcudia.

The natural curiosities of the island are chiefly its caves; one of which, called Cova Perella, is to Minorca what the Gruta del Arta is to the larger island. It is about three miles south of Ciudadella, and half a mile from the sea; its entrance is steep and narrow, but it gradually widens till it becomes a vast hall, with a roof supported by pillars, which have the appearance of gothic clustered columns. The colour of the stalactite pillars is not white, but yellowish brown, so that the interior resembles a cave of sugar-candy. The filtration is much more rapid here than at Arta, and many of the pillars are advancing to a state of completeness; that is, the incrustation above has descended so far down,

and the stalactite formed by the droppings has grown so high, that they have nearly met. Many others are of great thickness, and have been the work of long ages; and of some there are only the first indications. There are in this cave many loose stalactites, which seem to have grown irregularly, and to have fallen down from their weight; but all of the same colour and material.

In addition to the great cave are several smaller ones, but on the same floor or elevation, and differing only in size from the larger one. The spot in which this cavern is situated is bleak and barren, but abounding in mineral treasures and curiosities. Marbles and fossils are abundant, and rare shells are found on the adjacent shores.

The manners of the people differ but slightly from those of Majorca, but they are less advanced in the arts of civilization, and, as the names of their "*pueblos*" intimate, their origin is more decidedly Moorish. Hence they have ever treated their women with much more severity; jealousy has been more fatally prevalent among them, and

the stiletto was, a century ago, not seldom in use among them. In this respect they are now greatly changed; the crosses that once covered the island with sad tokens of assassination are falling to pieces, and happily no new ones are taking their place.

A custom prevailed of old, and which may still exist, tending to set in a strong light the jealousy of the Minorcan temperament. When a seaman, particularly the captain of a ship, left the island, he agreed with his wife as to some token which the ship should display to notify his safety on its return. When this token appeared, the wife, so far from going to meet her husband, shut herself in her house, and everybody else out. At the approach of the husband she appeared at the door, but busied herself about some household work, and took no notice of him. His friends accompanied him to the door, and when he entered and locked himself in with his wife, they all retired, so that the first interview between the pair took place in perfect privacy.

The Minorcans are more bigoted in their religion than the Majorcans; this may partially

be the effect of their more Moorish blood, and partly from their greater ignorance, for there are comparatively few of the advantages to be found in the lesser island, which tend so much to the advance and improvement of the greater. Hence the destruction of the monasteries has been less complete, the power of the priesthood less affected, and all seats of education less advanced; but the movement once made, must, with more or less rapidity, go on, and Minorca cannot long be deprived of any one advantage which Majorca enjoys.

Since the establishment of the constitution, Minorca, as well as the other islands of the group, has been under the same law as the rest of Spain; but previous to that, they had constitutions of their own, and the English, when they took possession of the smaller island, left its inhabitants to be governed by their own laws; a step of great practical wisdom, and one the good effect of which had been tried before in the case of the Channel Islands. A few words here on the old constitution of Minorca may be acceptable, as it shows what a complicated piece of machinery may

be permitted to exist, and even to act with freedom, under a strong government. Their attachment to their old forms of rule rendered the establishment of the constitution rather unpopular among the islanders than otherwise. Nor did they ever seek to amend their laws, nor to have the privileges of British subjects granted to them, during the time that their country was under our dominion. Don Jaime I. introduced into Majorca a constitution nearly resembling that of Arragon, and Don Alphonso, when he reduced Minorca, extended it to that island also. Both subsequently underwent some alterations, but of little importance, nor did they differ from one another, save in the fact that the magistrates of the smaller island were subordinate to those of Majorca. In the first instance they enjoyed the right of sending deputies to the Cortes of Catalonia and Arragon, but as, like many English boroughs in the olden time, they looked rather to the expense than to the advantages of representation, they soon ceased to send them, and after a few such omissions the privilege was taken away.

The principal tribunal was the Court of Royal

Government, and appeals were made to it from the inferior courts. Here the Governor was expected to preside, and in his name all the proceedings were carried on; and in criminal cases he did sit as supreme judge, though in civil ones his presence was dispensed with. He was assisted by two officers; an Assessor to aid him with legal advice, and a Fiscal, who was the advocate of the crown; nor was a sentence esteemed legal till they had signed it together with the Governor. If the Governor were absent, the Assessor sat alone; and in that case, by a strange anomaly, the signature of the Fiscal was not required, and yet the Assessor himself might be changed whenever the Governor considered him likely to be in any case an interested party.

Previously to the English conquest, the decisions of this tribunal were subject to an appeal to that of the *Real audiencia,* in Palma; but this appeal was necessarily taken away when the connexion between the islands was dissolved. There was a Court of Finance, which watched especially over the crown revenue, and of which the Procurador-real was the President. This court acted in all

respects under the English rule as it had done before, only that the money resulting from its operation was paid to the English Governor. And it is curious enough to see that then and there, as ever and everywhere, the real expenses fell on the English nation. The sum raised every year amounted to 3,210*l.* and no more! 1,466*l.* was required to pay the interest of the debt contracted by the termino of Mahon, so that there remained 1,742*l.* per annum to support the troops, and for all other civil, military, and political expenses!

Each termino had its own governor, called Bayle, and the Bayle of Ciudadella was entitled Bayle General, and was preceded by a lictor, who carried in all the terminos his rod of office. The other Bayles had this privilege each only in his own *termino*. The Bayle General, before the English rule, had another high and valued advantage. When the Governor died, the government of the island devolved on him, and until a new Governor was appointed, he enjoyed all the dignity and half the salary. In his court all causes, save ecclesiastical ones, were tried, with the right of appeal to that of Royal government. He was the chief judge (under the Governor) of the whole

island. All proclamations were addressed to him, and the orders of march for the troops, and the business of quartering them, fell to his province. He appointed a subordinate judge, called Bayle Consul, who tried all cases where the matter in dispute was less than five livres, and all maritime affairs; and in the latter an appeal only lay to the Governor.

The Magistrates were called *Jurats*, and the *Jurat* of Ciudadella was entitled *Jurat-General;* they were styled *Señores Magnificos*, and their chief business was to lay before the Governor any hardships of which the people complained, and to see that the markets were well supplied with provisions. Their Council consisted of five persons, the chief of whom was denominated the *Jurat-Major*, and was always of the order of *Cavallers*, or gentlemen. One was taken from that of *Ciutadars*, or citizens; another from that of *Mercaders*, or merchants (we should apply the term merchant to the second of these, and that of shopkeeper to the third); a fourth from the *Menestrals*, or artisans; and a fifth from among the *Pages*, or peasants. This Council had in each *termino* the right of levying taxes, and thus every class was

represented. The Treasurer of the island was also a Jurat, with the title of Jurat-clavario, and he made a sixth member of the *Jurat Council* of Ciudadella. When a General Council was summoned, (and the Jurats had the power of summoning one when they pleased,) it was done in the name and by the authority of the Governor, and was composed of twenty-four deputies from the various towns of the island.

The Governor could not call a Council General by his own authority, nor were the Jurats obliged to give any reason for demanding one; for it might be even to send a *Syndico* to the King to complain of the Governor himself. There was an officer with the Moorish title of Almutazen, who was a sort of Clerk of the Markets, and whose business it was to regulate weights, measures, and prices. He had no salary; but one-third of the fines levied in his court went to the judge. This was found a very effectual magistracy; and as he was also interested with the removing of all obstructions, and with the keeping clean of the streets, his office was neither a sinecure nor unprofitable. The English introduced Coroners' inquests, and the Minorcans took care to accom-

pany them with not a few *tonterias*,* such as asking the deceased who it was that killed him, whether he wanted more masses, and other equally interesting questions, all of which were put in a solemn whisper, and the pretended answers were expected to be received as evidence!

Of course the British Government could not allow the Court of the Inquisition to continue in office during the time that island was under our rule; it had however been established here, with its diabolical code, and its equally diabolic tortures. But the ordinary spiritual court was allowed to remain, although the power of appeal from Ciudadella to Palma was necessarily taken away, and the revenues once drawn from Minorca by the Bishop of Palma were applied to Government uses. All these matters returned to their former condition when Minorca was restored to Spain. The Inquisition again flourished, and a considerable number of impositions re-enacted which had been remitted by the English.

In a former part of this chapter has been mentioned the monastery of Monte Toro, the meaning of which name is simply high moun-

* *Tonterias*, fooleries.

tain, or mount mountain, a sort of reduplication occasionally found in English names. Bindon Hill in Wiltshire is a curious instance. The Britons called it Pen, a hill; the Saxons taking Pen as a proper name, added their own word for hill, and called it Pen-dun; in after times the same process was carried one step further, and the word hill added, so that the name became Pen-dun-hill, or Bindon-hill, that is, hill-hill-hill! But I never heard of any legend being invented of a Saint Pendun or Bindon, to account for the modern nomenclature.

Our Minorcan friends, however, have gone further than we; for, in the case of Monte Toro, forgetful that the Moors called it El Tor, the height, they have taken Tor for Toro, and invented a delightful legend about a miraculous bull, who, many ages ago, was so impressed with "church principles," that he not only declined exercising his horns upon a monk, but absolutely protected and defended members of that blessed order against all adversaries whatsoever; and when a detachment of Moors attempted to repossess themselves of their old quarters, this most Catholic bull, remembering the duty of a bull in the Church of Rome, did so

toss, gore, and trample on these Turks, infidels, and heretics, as to make it evident to all beholders that holy Saint Dominic must have been in him, so exceedingly orthodox was his demeanour.

Other particulars are related concerning him, touching the correctness of his moral conduct, and his mode of distinguishing between holy relics and fraudulent imitations of them, which I had rather not particularize; but, if any ill-advised Protestant should take it into his head to doubt the truth of the story, he may go to the monastery itself, and there, in the chapel, he will see the history of Santo Toro very neatly painted in compartments, after which I apprehend that no reasonable being will remain any longer in suspense. There are no relics of Santo Toro himself, which is perhaps the less to be regretted, as the age for miracles is somewhat passed, and the people of the Balearic Islands have shown themselves unworthy custodians of such treasures. I have mentioned the embalmed body of Don Jaime II. and the way in which the teeth had been removed; but there is another instance still more startling. Santa Catalina de Tomas has been already mentioned. There is a chapel dedi-

cated to her in the church de las Magdalenas, and there, in a shrine of silver, richly gilt and adorned with many crystals, rests the body of the saint, entire, with the exception of the ears, which were cut off many years back, in order to make a present of them to the Pope! Cortada says that he is in doubt whether to call this act one of piety or of irreverence! Perhaps the general feeling among Roman ecclesiastics would account it meritorious; for in the Cathedral of Avignon there is a monument, to express to Pope Pius the Ninth the gratitude of the dean and chapter, for allowing the bowels of the late Pontiff, Gregory XVI., to remain with them, when his body was taken to Rome.

If there were no other and weightier reasons to congratulate ourselves on our Protestantism, it would be enough that it preserves us from solecisms so ridiculous. Surely it is better even to pay two-pence for admission to a church, and find it "admirably adapted for a corn-market," than to pay nothing and find the place something between a toy-shop and a dissecting-room. One is bringing the house of God down to the level of a theatre, the other degrades it to a temple of the foulest idolatry.

CHAPTER III.

IVIÇA, ITS SITUATION AND POPULATION—PRESENT CONDITION OF ITS INHABITANTS—CITY OF IVIÇA—LEGEND OF DON VICENTE CUENCA DE SALINAS Y PALATS—ISLAND OF FRUMENTERA—GENERAL VIEW OF THE BALEARIC ISLANDS—PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE.

THE island of Iviça, the smallest of the three which form the principal part of the province, but the largest of the Pitiuse group, presents fewer objects of interest than either of the others—it has followed their fortunes without partaking in their importance, yet, situated midway between Majorca and Valencia it might be turned to considerable account, more especially as the soil is fertile, and particularly suited for wheat. The capital is called by the same name as the island, and contains about 4,000 inhabitants: it ranks as a city, and claims to have been at some time or other the see of a bishop, entitles its principal church a cathedral, did boast a very disproportionate number of religious houses, and talks of itself with great com-

placency as "*esta corte.*" The population of the whole island is about 9,000: it is about half the size of Minorca, and as much behind that island as that is behind Majorca. The prospects of Iviça are less flattering too: it is not always easy for sailing vessels to reach the port from Palma, or to return, and the trade is not sufficient to call for steam-navigation.

Perhaps, when the resources of these islands are more fully developed, the value of Iviça, as a wheat growing soil, will become evident, and she will share the prosperity of her sisters. At present, steam navigation is all that is wanted to bring it to an equality of proportionate value with Majorca itself. It produces all the same fruits with the larger island, and great abundance of salt, especially in the plains called Las Salinas. Just beyond this plain, and where the hills descend precipitously to the sea, there is a rocky promontory called Puig Vicente, and a legend is connected with this point which will remind the reader of some of the raciest fairy tales of Andalusia. I have spoken, in my "Cradle of the Twin Giants," of the identity of fairy legend in the south of Ireland

and the south of Spain, and it seems very probable that a parallel might be found in the counties of Cork or Tipperary for this Iviçan story.

The name Puig Vicente commemorates the marvellous history of one Don Vicente Cuenca de Salinas y Palats. I spare the reader the rest of the name of this hidalgo, lest it should reach to the end of the chapter. To find the real longitude of a Spanish name is always difficult, and the pronunciation of some Basque appellations is equally so. When Zumalacarregui was by his military operations influencing the price of Spanish bonds on the London Stock Exchange, the brokers, not agreed among themselves what to call him, seemed generally to find it more easy to give him an English name—Zachary Macaulay, or to designate him Zumal *and cetera.* The hero of our legend will not cause us any such embarrassment, as we shall have no occasion to repeat his name other than as Don Vicente. Born on the eve of St. John, he had the gift of seeing spirits invisible to all besides; and named after St. Vicente Ferrer, he early turned his mind to religious contemplations. Being, however, an only

son and heir to great wealth, his friends resisted his wish to embrace a conventual life, and persuaded him to marry.

His chief amusement was the chase; in fact, no kind of sport came amiss to him — fishing in a trout stream, then the only one in the island, and now dried up; spending whole nights in his boat on the blue Mediterranean, in the clear moonlight and beneath a cloudless sky; or pursuing amidst the recesses of the pine forest, from which the country takes its name, such game as it furnished him, Don Vicente enjoyed as much solitude as though he had been immured in a cloister, and with it a constant communion with nature in her wildest as well as her gentlest moods; but his solitude consisted only in the absence of man, for in proportion as he receded from human society, in like proportion did the spirits of the wood and the wave draw nearer to him, and make him a witness of their presence, and a confidant of their mysteries. But there was one barrier—the pursuits of the huntsman were hateful to them, and when the eagle or the wild deer fell before his bolt, or the young dolphin

was landed in his pinnace, sad voices wailed around him, and dewy tear-drops, from eyes at that moment unseen, fell on his blood-stained hands.

Often did grotesque forms unstring his bow when he deemed his aim the most certain, turn aside the head of his courser when his arrow was pointed at the lordly eagle, and save from unfailing death the dweller in the rock; often did some half-fish, half-imp, untie his nets and bring them up empty, and then leap again into the sea, scattering the spray around like a shower of emeralds. Still he went on: it is hard to change an old sportsman, and the chase in Spain is more a passion than even in Germany of yore, till one day a change was seen to come "over the spirit of his dream;" he broke up his pinnace, burned his nets, and made no more sea excursions by moonlight. *He* said that he had narrowly escaped drowning, and had made a vow to put himself no more in danger: his religious observances too increased in severity, and on fast days he indulged no longer in fish, as he had been accustomed to do, but confined himself to eggs, bread, fruit, and water. At the same time the chapel of St.

Nicholas received a new offering, and the image of a boat in silver was suspended at his altar. Day by day did Don Vicente become more gloomy and more ascetic: eggs, game, poultry, fruit, were successively banished from his table. His wife inquired in vain the cause of this increasing sorrow, and his confessor began to suspect him of some secret sin, — perhaps heresy — perhaps, who can say! Mahommedanism!

This dreadful suspicion increased. Don Vicente ate no more salpicon — sausages became an abomination to him — the bacon followed the eggs into exile. Yes; he must have become either a Jew or a Moslem, and yet his most Christian hatred to all of the former persuasions, the insults he heaped upon them, and the contempt with which he treated them, were highly becoming in a Spanish hidalgo, who boasted of being a "*Cristiano viejo y rancio,*"—he must be a Turk, a worshipper of Mahound! The holy priest asked him the question, and received an indignant negative. The inquisition was applied to: they answered, that the crime was clearly proved; for first, Don Vicente most wickedly abstained from pork, which was sent on earth on

purpose to furnish a distinction between the Mahommedan and the Christian, so that the cating of pork, salpicon, sausages, and bacon, was to be looked on as a solemn religious duty.

Secondly, when taxed with his abominable apostasy he had denied it! which heretics invariably did, and which was one of the surest proofs of their guilt.

Thirdly, he had a field as close to the Dominican Convent, as the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite was to the palace of good king Ahab, and equally desirable as a garden of herbs: so the unhappy Don Vicente was forthwith adjudged secretly to be guilty of Mahommedanism, and before he knew where he was, he found himself twenty feet under ground, in a cell of the Dominican convent aforesaid, and in a position admirably qualified to draw his mind away from the contemplation of mundane affairs. His name, fortunately for the easier verification of this legend, may be found in the list of persons who escaped from the prisons of the inquisition of Palma, to which place he was after some months transferred. But what was the secret history of the whole? why did he lay himself open to such dangers, and

how did he escape from the consequences of his errors?

It was on a beautiful moonlight night that Don Vicente was pursuing his customary amusement, when, on drawing his net into his boat, he was somewhat astonished to see it opened like a folding curtain, and a very elegant but diminutive lady step gracefully forward.

"Don Vicente," said she, "my mother presents her compliments, and begs me to say that if you could just step down and favour her with a few minutes' conversation, she would be unspeakably obliged to you."

"Nothing, dear lady," replied Don Vicente, "would give me one quarter so much pleasure; but though half a fisherman, I have not the honour to be half a fish, and I am afraid I should feel a little asthmatic difficulty of breathing under water."

"Not at all, Don Vicente," rejoined the lady; "only oblige me by putting on this mantilla, and everything will be easy enough."

"I am not quite sure," thought Don Vicente to himself, "what Doña Josefa would say, for her notions are somewhat of the straightest, and a

mantilla is not exactly the head-dress for a Caballero. However, here goes, sink or swim."

The lady held out her hand to assist Don Vicente out of the boat, and down they went—down, down, unfathomable depths, till they stopped at a door, very prettily adorned with mother-of-pearl, and a page in sea-green silk made his appearance. Don Vicente went with his fair conductress and "the pretty page" into an inner chamber, where, reclining on a costly sofa, inlaid with pearls and gems, lay a lady of a stately presence.

"Señor," said she, "I have sent for you to complain of your want of courtesy."

Don Vicente bowed and stared. The lady went on.

"Is it possible," said she, "that you are not aware that the Moslem ladies work out their purgatory at the bottom of the sea, and are half their time in the shape of fish? I would rise to meet you, but you have damaged my left fin, by your never-sufficiently-to-be-accursed fish-spear, and my left arm is now suffering from it. I was the daughter of Abdallah Ben Hamet, and you have doubled the grief of my purgatory."

"Señora Mia," said Don Vicente, "I am deeply distressed at what you tell me. If I had had the slightest notion that it was your ladyship, I would have turned my fish-spear against my own breast rather than have wounded you."

"I fully believe you," said the lady; "I expected no less from your courtesy; but now, after you have partaken of a little fish dinner with me, for it is Friday, (and here the lady devoutly crossed herself,) and tasted my Val de Peñas, you shall depart. Only remember, I beseech you, that though with me you may eat fish and be certain it never was anything else, yet at your own table you can never be sure but that you are eating the mother of a sultan or the sister of a pasha."

"Madam," said Don Vicente, "I give you my honour I will never run such a risk."

"See his excellency to his boat," exclaimed the lady, clapping her hands, after a repast not exactly resembling that of the Barmecide.

The next day the fish-spear was broken, the nets burned, and the boat converted into firewood.

A day or two after, while in the thick woods of Nineu, the arrow of the Don brought something

fluttering to the ground, which was soon but too evidently a lady, small indeed in dimensions, but admirably lovely in face and figure; her black tresses, her dark eyes, the arched nose, and the Hebrew characters embroidered upon her veil, smacked so strongly of the Jewish race, that Don Vicente crossed himself instinctively.

"Señor Mio, my sister would feel greatly indebted if you would be so obliging as just to step up into this tree, as she has matters of considerable moment to confide to your worship's ear."

"Get up into a tree?" exclaimed the Don in a rage. "Get up into a tree? What can you be thinking of, you impudent Jewish hussy, to propose such a proceeding to a hidalgo like me?"

"Don Vicente," replied the little lady, "don't make a fool of yourself; your Castilian puddle cannot be compromised by what I request. Don Red-leg de Partridge, who traces his descent directly from the bird who came out of the ark with Noah, (peace be with him,) roosts here every night, and what a half-inch affair is your pedigree compared with his? Give me your hand. Caramba! It is you that are the favoured party."

Don Vicente was overawed by the lady's haughty airs, and submissively gave her his hand. Very near the top of the tree, on a couch formed of its tenderest branches, lay a lady of the most transcendant loveliness.

"Don Vicente," said she, "I cannot speak to you freely, for you have sadly shattered my beak with one of your bird-bolts."

"Your beak, Madam?"

"Yes, Señor. All Jewish ladies work out their purgatory in the air, and are half their time in the shape of birds. But stay with me and partake of a curried chicken and a few poached eggs, and you shall have a glass of really commendable Amontillado. As to the poultry, here you have it genuine; down below you are quite as likely to get an old Jewish clothes-woman, and half-a-dozen Hebrew babies, as anything else."

"Madam," said the bewildered Caballero, "don't say another word. I'll never taste birds or eggs again as long as I live."

Another day saw the bow broken and the arrows burnt.

The next week convinced the unhappy Don

Vicente that Pagan ladies worked out their purgatory in the shape of pigs; and to avoid eating the niece of Cæsar or the mother of the Gracchi, he was compelled to take up the Moslem practice, and to abstain from pork. The result of this abstinence has been seen.

One day while in the court of the convent of the Inquisition, and waiting for his turn of *question*, an eagle flew down from on high, and placed before the astonished prisoner his own bird-bolts, neatly tied up with his bowstring into a species of chair.

"Sit down," said the eagle, "Excellentisimo Mio Señor, and I will take your worship far beyond the reach of these blood-hounds."

Don Vicente seated himself; he was sure to be burned if he stayed. The eagle carried him carefully to the point of Puig Vicente. Looking down he saw a couple of young dolphins, with his old nets and boat made into a very pretty carriage.

"See," said the eagle, "Señor,—el Coche."

"Yes, I am ready," was the reply; and as soon as Don Vicente was seated,

"Give me your hand," said the eagle, gravely but kindly holding out a claw.

The two shook hands,

"*Vaya ved con Dios!* never speak ill of a Jew again."

What took place afterwards nobody exactly knows. Some say that the daughter of Abdallah Ben Hamet gave her child in marriage to Don Vicente, getting a dispensation from the king of the fishes for that purpose, seeing that the Señor was married, and that they have grand fish dinners and capital Val de peñas down there below. Certain it is that Doña Josefa consoled herself with the comfortable arguments of the Inquisitor-general, and died at last in the odour of sanctity. It is to be hoped for their mutual peace that they may never meet again.

This legend has occupied more space than I contemplated giving it. Fortunately, there is very little to be said about the small islands, their name is legion; but one only, which is inhabited, is connected with Iviça, the small islet of Frumentera, which, as its name imports, is very fertile in wheat.

The time was now approaching for our departure, and we felt real regret in leaving this delightful archipelago. It will be impossible ever to look back without a pleasing remembrance of a place where there seems to be as little of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, as the conditions of this world will allow. That these islands are destined to great prosperity, no one who considers their yet undeveloped resources, will hesitate to believe. They are capable of supplying all that their inhabitants require, and of affording a large surplus for the purposes of commerce. As we busied ourselves in making preparations for our departure, we planned to revisit the scene of so much goodness and so little alloy, and looked forward with little pleasure to the next day, when with her wings of steam, El Mallorquin was to bear us away to Catalonia.

CHAPTER IV.

DEPARTURE FROM PALMA—SPANISH PUNCTUALITY—DILIGENCE ADVENTURE—NIGHT AT SEA—BARCELONA—MEDITERRANEAN ALDERMAN—FONDA DE LAS CUATRO NACIONES—THEATRES—CONCERTS—STREET SWEEPING—CONSULAR DIFFICULTIES—CATALONIAN GOOD BREEDING—BIGOTRY OF THE CLERGY—PROTESTANT MARRIAGES—CEMETERY—RAILWAY AND DILIGENCE TRAVELLING—GERONA—FIGUERAS—LA JUNQUERA—FRONTIER STATION—ROAD GUARD—COMPARISON BETWEEN PERPIGNAN AND BAYONNE—PYRENNEES—EL CID, VAPOR—MARSEILLES.

It was not quite so easy a matter to get away from the Balearic Islands as might have been supposed. As we were about to enter that most suspicious of all cities, Barcelona, we must show that we had been "enjoying ourselves by the grace of God in the most perfect health," so runs the form, and that we had *satisfied* all the authorities, here and there, with all the *reals* which they thought it necessary to demand, for the sake of our own peace and the public tranquillity.

(I always keep Spanish documents of this kind as literary curiosities;) but then, even when these matters were arranged, we were not able to depart, for—hear it, ye captains of English mail-steamers!—it rained, and El Mallorquin could not leave the harbour till it cleared up, and it rained all day,—and a notice was put up at the post-office to signify the fact,—and it rained all night, and would-be passengers unpacked their luggage,—and it rained all day again!—and we made a provisional arrangement with our hostess; but on the third morning the sun shone out, the clouds dispersed, no new notice appeared at the *Casa di Correos*, and it seemed to be generally understood in the city that in the course of the day *el vapor* would really depart; doubts were soon set at rest, and the hour of twelve was named as the time for getting under weigh.

Our tickets set forth in the most stringent terms the absolute necessity which existed for being on board ourselves one hour previous, and sending our luggage *three hours!* But this is always the case in Spain; no nation on earth is so punctual *on paper*.

By half-past three we really left the harbour, and we soon ascertained that a certain merchant of the island had delayed the steamer in order that he might not have an indifferent dinner on board. A round gentleman, who seemed half face and half corporation, came on board at half-past twelve, and demanded an interview with the cook. When he had ascertained what provisions were on board, he expressed his dissatisfaction, and named certain fish, joints, poultry, and game, which he should require during the sixteen hours to elapse between quitting Palma and arriving at Barcelona. Some of these seemed to be difficult of attainment, for two hours passed away before they were all procured. The command was given to weigh anchor, when with the force of lightning a thought struck our fat friend. The cook was again sent for, but even while the messenger was gone forward, his master followed.

"Have you any lemon-ice?"

"No, Señor!"

"No! and *I on board!*"

The guilty cook was struck dumb, the deep and tender pathos of the remonstrance over-

powered him, and with a tear in his eye he rushed on shore to complete his arrangements. In another hour all preparations were accomplished, and the captain was permitted to weigh anchor in earnest. Three hours and a-half only had we exceeded our time, and who shall blame this in a land where the slightest request is to be fulfilled "*manana*," * and the smallest expression of impatience is met with the reply "*hay tiempo?*"†

I remember once being on my way from Burgos to Madrid by diligence, and arriving rather late at night at Buitrago: a long while previously we ought to have met the mail from Madrid to Bayonne, but it had not yet made its appearance. At length fears were entertained for its safety, and as it was evident that if it had been stopped and rifled, we were in no small danger, it was resolved that we should remain at Buitrago till an escort could be procured. Fortunately for us there was a military station at no great distance, and in two hours time we were provided with a serjeant and eight men. We could not accommodate them all with seats, and were therefore

* To-morrow. † There is time.

obliged to regulate our pace by theirs. Some came inside, some rode on the roof, some on the bar with the *mayoral*,—for a Castilian diligence has no *banquette*,—some on the mules, and some walked, and all by turns. They told us anecdotes of their military and guerilla life, sang songs, talked politics, gave us the history of many a conflict with robbers; and as we supplied them with wine, aguardiente, and cigars, they grew more communicative; that ride in the clear Iberian moonlight, seasoned with a little romance, and the idea that we might ourselves at any moment be sharers in an *adventure*, was one of the most delightful I ever enjoyed.

When morning dawned we saw the missing mail coming on with real Spanish gravity. We were ready with our condolences, but they were needless, it had never been *extravasated* at all, but the minister had detained it for despatches! When we arrived at the *Puerta de Fuencarral* we dismissed our escort, and to my utter astonishment they demanded no more than a dollar per man, and the serjeant added that this would be very good pay, for he and his party would have

gone to Madrid a day later, even had we not required their escort. This was a specimen of Castilian honesty like to those related in the first volume.

All day long the cook was occupied professionally, and the spherical merchant was every half hour in solemn consultation with him, when my friend M—— reminded me that we, too, should require sustenance, and proposed a separate negotiation with the culinary chief, when the hero of Palma was away. We seized our opportunity, and were fortunate enough to secure some red mullet, a chicken, and a few quails. There was no regular dinner, but every passenger ordered what he chose, or rather what he could get, and on this occasion few could obtain anything, for *all* was ordered by the alderman! We dined *al fresco*, both because it was more pleasant and because the cook positively did not dare to supply us in the cabin, and we afterwards amused ourselves with a considerable quantity of ice, which our fat friend found out to the utter dismay of the cook. We laughed most heartily at his manifest displeasure, for he really seemed almost

inclined to dispute with us the possession of the refreshing delicacy. He soon went below, and as Spanish passengers are rarely good sailors, we were left the sole occupants of the deck. The moonlight was most effulgent, and the softest airs of the Mediterranean fanned us on our way.

"Twilight upon the waters—the broad disk
Of the all-glorious sun sank grandly down
An hour ago. Deep plunged his golden crown
Beneath the waste of blue, running no risk
To soil his splendour. Cool arise and brisk
The summer breezes, while the waves are sown
With sparkling pearl, in rich profusion thrown
By every star, such as no empire's fisc
Can equal, round our bows the ocean fires
Glitter innumerable; dolphins play
In purple beauty, chasing us away
Along their green domain. Unsated still
In such an hour as this the heart aspires
To the unbounded—He alone its void can fill!"

The sea was indeed like a mirror; and as we ploughed our way through its crystal, we could see the dolphins playing round our bows. I never saw the sea so phosphoric before; on the dark side our paddles seemed to dash away waves of fire, and far off, even in the bright moonlight, the sparkles were clearly discernible; we caught

at Palma some of the insects which cause this phosphorescence; they are a very minute species of shrimp, and the light emanates from two points, one near the middle, and one close to the tail; it produces about the same brilliancy as that of the glow-worm, but of a rather more decided green in colour. I was struck with the vast numbers of these insects with which the Mediterranean must swarm, for all night the phosphorescence continued unabated; I have seen it in the Bay of Cadiz, and in the Ægean sea, and in the Adriatic, but never so astonishingly vivid as it was on this night. The sunset was one of extraordinary magnificence, and it was with many lingering regrets that we saw the hills of Majorca gradually fade away, till they lay like a cloud on the horizon; by sunrise, Barcelona spread out its splendid panorama before us, and after going through the usual formalities at the *aduana*, and the health office, we took up our abode at our old quarters, the *Fonda de las cuatro Naciones*.

On our return from a call on Mr. Story, the consul, from whom we had received much polite attention, we found that our Mediterranean

acquaintance had installed himself at the Cuatro Naciones; at first we thought that this boded ill for us, for he would doubtless order everything in the house for himself; but then we were consoled by the recollection that Barcelona was a great city, and that he could not prevent our dining if it so pleased us. It seems to be the general rule in this great hotel that all doors should be open, and as our dining room and his were opposite, and we dined at the same hour, we had an opportunity day by day of witnessing his proceedings: first he would take off his coat, and lay it across the back of his chair, then he would disencumber himself of his stock, which he laid on the table before him, then would he unbutton his wristbands, and tuck up his sleeves to his elbows, and then commenced the onslaught; soup, basin after basin, bouilli, roast meat, fish, game, poultry, pastry, in quantities such as I will not venture to speculate upon, much less to describe. Dante says,

"Sempre a quel ver ch'a faccia de menzogna,
Dee l'uom chiuder le labbra quanto puote."

"About that truth which has the semblance of falsehood,
A man should always keep his lips as close as he can."

When the soup was removed, there was a pause: the waistcoat was unbuttoned; after a few dishes had been disposed of, that article of apparel accompanied the coat; then the suspenders were detached, then the waistband was unbuttoned, till we really began to fear that the repast would conclude "*in puris naturalibus;*" we were however spared the horrors of a *sans culotte* dinner. All this while the gentleman in question was darting black looks across to us, as if every dish brought up to our table was so much subtracted from his own enjoyment. We heard the next day a most characteristic anecdote of him: he had been at Barcelona on one occasion, when quails were very scarce. Only six dozen could be procured in all the city, and these he ordered to be cooked for himself. An application was made that a couple of these little birds might be ceded to an invalid lady, but the request was refused, and the heroic gastronome actually ate them all! A scientific gourmand is generally said to be a good-humoured and humane person—here was however a sad instance to the contrary: nor can the excuse of disease be made, for excepting his extreme corpulence, our mercantile friend was

in uniformly good health. Peace be with him, and, Inshallah! may his appetite never be greater.

As our windows looked over the Rambla, a more cheerful situation could not be devised. Every morning we were awakened with military music, and the troops were exercised as though for our special entertainment, and fine soldier-like men they are,—there is in them an air of individual spirit and resolution, a dashing carriage, and a manner of handling their arms that smack a little of the *guerillero;* each man is something in himself, he is not a mere member of a regiment, and I cannot help thinking that if they were well officered, they would be among the best troops in the world.

In the evening, their band performed excellent music, and all the *elite* of the city turned out for their promenade; opposite to us was the *Teatro Principal,* which the Barcelonese say is the largest house in the world, and on which they do not bear to be contradicted; but measuring tapes are stubborn things, and these tell us that the Scala at Milan, the San Carlos at Naples, that of the same name at Lisbon, the Teatro de Carlo Felice at Genoa, and the Queen's Theatre in London are

all superior in point of size. There is another theatre in the Rambla, and there are generally either concerts or dramatic entertainments at one or the other. I was extremely desirous to witness the representation of one of Calderon's dramas, and M. was no less so, but we had no opportunity of so doing. We saw one peculiarly Spanish piece, the gist of which lay in the patriotic custom of wearing the capa and sombrero, and introduced a rebellion in the time of Charles III. at Madrid, which rebellion is put a stop to by freely permitting the use of the national costume. The dress itself is now becoming obsolete in all the most frequented cities, but the play in question was a favourite with the Barcelonese, for it reminded them of their successful resistance to the Conde de España, who, when Captain-general of Catalonia, prohibited the capa and sombrero, because he feared assassination, and this dress both allowed arms to be concealed, and facilitated escape when they were criminally used. We were present one evening at a concert, when we heard a performer on the violin, whose mastery over its difficulties was equal to that of the greatest

violinists I had ever heard in London or Paris. I have forgotten his name, but I have since heard that he was an Italian, and is making for himself an European reputation.

We noticed one thing in Barcelona, which had a sad appearance. The Rambla would be one of the dustiest walks in Spain, and that is saying not a little for it, were it not kept well watered. In Spain the dust is a great plague, for it is so fine, as well as so abundant, that it penetrates everywhere; it gets through every article of clothing, it finds its way into your trunks, fills your eyes, and ears, and nose, and mixes in suffocating proportions with the air you breathe. The Rambla at Barcelona is watered continually, but this work is performed by convicts, who with their legs chained together, and under a guard of soldiers, fill the water carts from the wells, and drive them along the promenade. This excites sad reflections, quite out of keeping with the gaiety of the surrounding scene, but they appear well contented, and I saw fewer sour looks among them than among the scowling Catalonian peasantry, or the savage visaged artisans of Barcelona.

The Rambla, which is thus watered, is one of the finest promenades in Spain; it extends right through the city, and is planted with fine trees on each side. It is more like the Boulevard Italien at Paris than any other place I ever saw, and is equally remarkable for the splendour of its cafés. Let not, however, the stranger be deluded by outward show into the idea that the resemblance extends further. Sometimes he may get a decent ice, but he will do well to eschew other refreshments, and the coffee is the most wretched of imaginable trash.

It must ever be remembered that the Catalonians are not Spaniards; they speak a dialect of their own, and a most harsh and disagreeable dialect too. Nor is their national character the same. The high-bred courtesy of the Castilian, or the graceful politeness of the Andalusian, would be looked for in vain here.

The people have one virtue which, it seems, is to stand them in stead of all others. They are proud, factious, discontented, fierce, cruel, vindictive, jealous, given to the use of the knife, surly and ill-mannered; but—they are industrious! the very children among them will hoot and yell at

strangers if they meet them in any retired place. You will be often misdirected if you inquire your way in Spanish, though the language is perfectly well understood. But—the people are industrious! they stand in the way of the welfare of all Spain by their commercial jealousy of England. But—they are industrious! and this, this one virtue, must be taken as a receipt in full for all excellency of every kind whatever. The Catalonians, while they are the most rebellious in Spain, and give more trouble to the authorities than all the rest of the peninsula, are yet the most gloomy and ferocious in their bigotry, and some really remarkable instances of this have lately occurred.

The Bishop of Barcelona is a suffragan of the Archbishop of Tarragona, and the present prelate is a young man and lately appointed. He, it seems, was struck with the want of learning which he found among his clergy, and wished them to submit to an examination. This, as might be reasonably expected, they stoutly refused, and the consequence is a great want of cordiality between him and them. They reminded him that many of them had grown grey in their offices, that they

had undertaken the work of the Church during the French invasion and the war of independence, when not only no profit was to be gained, but on the other hand much danger was incurred by their doing so; and that now to be re-examined by one so much their junior, was not merely an injustice but an indignity. The plan was given up, and they were allowed to pursue their own course, and a very arbitrary course it seems to be.

A little while ago, an Englishman settled in business in Barcelona became attached to a young lady of a good Catalonian family, and although the difference of religion was for a long time a great obstacle, it was at last got over, and the consent of the lady's family was given. No priest, however, could be found to marry them; all without exception declared that everlasting destruction would be the portion of each and all engaged in so iniquitous a transaction, and the Bishop, when appealed to, declined to interfere. By this time all parties were so compromised as to render it impossible to retract, and the Consul, Mr. Story, married the young couple at his official residence, as the law gives him a right to do.

When the marriage had really taken place, and no further opposition could be offered, they attempted to persuade the lady that she was not legally married, and threatened to put in force against her an old law of the principality, which punished all women living with men to whom they were not married with imprisonment, as bad characters. This indignity was resented with becoming spirit, and the Consul being applied to, said that the lady having become a British subject by marriage, he would of course interfere to protect her if any annoyance were offered to her.

These threats were persevered in, and though it cannot be supposed that they would have been carried into execution, yet the lady and her husband were much distressed and inconvenienced; for if any violence were attempted, the popular feeling would have gone very much against a woman who had married an Englishman and a heretic.

Under these circumstances, the gentleman requested that the British Ambassador should be called upon to interfere at head quarters. Mr. Story rightly and wisely pointed out that the

Ambassador could do nothing, nor could the government interfere. So long as the priests pleased they might threaten, though they could do no more. The only way to escape the disagreeable consequences of the step that they had taken, would be to leave the city. This business arrangements forbade, as well as the wife's desire to remain near her family. I believe that the Consul's judicious advice was taken, and that the persecution after some time ceased.*

And here I may say a few words on the duties of an Ambassador, and the way in which they are carried out. We hear from time to time many complaints about the salaries paid to our representatives at foreign courts, and the saving that might be effected to the nation were they reduced. I do not agree with this. It is not merely the dignity of the British Government that the Minister has to sustain, but the interests of Bri-

* I have since learned that the priests so far prevailed as to induce the young lady's family to take her back again, and the matter was then made a national affair. I suppose it is by this time settled as it ought to be, but it is evident that Barcelona can be no fitting abode for persons so situated.

tish subjects. For this purpose it is necessary that he should live on terms of advantage with the highest society, that he should have access to all quarters of influence, and be able to make his power felt as much behind as before the scenes.

All who are acquainted with what are called the fashionable circles, well know that a great deal of real business is transacted in them, and however we may despise the heartlessness, and laugh at the frivolity which characterise many who figure in them, we cannot help knowing that court balls and state dinners have more to do with affairs of government than was the case in Sparta of old. A certain amount of outward splendour is as necessary to an ambassador as the credentials of his government, and if this be the case anywhere, it must be so among a people so ceremonious as the Castilians. Great talent is not always required, but that is needful which the people most value to whom the Minister is accredited,—a knowledge of the nation itself, and means to make that knowledge available. Nothing can be more unfair than to instance the American scale of diplomatic salaries, as a proof of what

may be done. America is not an European power. The intrigues of camarillas, and the disputes of diplomatists here, may affect our interests and our fellow-subjects residing abroad; this can scarcely be the case with regard to America: and besides this, no American will now undertake the duties of minister at any European court, unless, like Mr. Lawrence, he be a man of large private fortune. Every American citizen is aware of the benefits which the United States dêrive from the eminent services of Mr. Lawrence in London. But they all know that the expenses which he finds it necessary to incur, rightly to support the dignity of his country, would exhaust in one year the state allowance for ten.

To return, however, to Barcelona and the Catalonian clergy. Some time ago, when M. Lesseps exercised the office of French Consul there, Prince Demidoff happened to pass through Barcelona; and in order to testify his respect for the diplomatic body, who treated him with much civility, he hit on the somewhat singular notion of presenting a very handsome ornamental Greek cross to adorn the cemetery of foreigners there.

This cemetery is for all strangers; part of it is consecrated for Roman Catholics, and part left unconsecrated for heretics; and among these last rank the Russians, as followers of the Greek church. Now the Greek cross and the Latin cross are two different things; for the Greek church insists on a cross with all the limbs of equal length; while the Roman church requires the nether limb to be prolonged; so that, however trifling the difference may seem, the one is a symbol of Greek, the other of Roman faith.

The consuls of the various nations residing at Barcelona met to decide what was to be done with this cross, and M. Lesseps insisted on having it placed over the general entrance. To this Mr. Story demurred, very justly observing, that it was no more appropriate for Romanists than for Protestants; and that the only situation in which it could with propriety be deposited would be, to mark the resting-place of Russians and Greeks. M. Lesseps, however, with that peculiar aptitude for embroilment with which he was so remarkably gifted, refused to recede from his proposition; and the cross was left standing with its face to the wall when I was in

Barcelona. I suppose it is now in its proper place. M. Lesseps has since this transaction become unhappily insane.

A little before my visit, a sailor, one of the most ignorant of his class, and I know not of what nation, was taken into the hospital. The priests of course visited him, and soon ascertained that he was a Protestant. They tried to induce him to declare himself a Roman Catholic, but without success; he was obstinate, and he did not comprehend their arguments. At length, having failed in interesting him about his soul, they tried to interest him about his body, and assured him, that he would not be allowed Christian burial, but would certainly be thrown into the sea, unless he were converted!

It was long before this atrocious falsehood had its intended effect: but the result was that the poor fellow yielded, and an instance was given to the world of a conversion, not to escape perdition, but to secure a burial; perhaps the only one on record. Great was the gratulation of the priesthood, and many the services of triumph performed in the church of Sta Maria del Mar, and, I

believe, in other churches also, on account of this recovery of a Protestant!

We were detained in Barcelona much longer than we anticipated, for the steamer which was expected from Cadiz, and which had been due four days before she arrived, had, like El Mallorquin, been an observer of rain. At length she appeared, and we took our places. Nothing can be more exorbitant than the charges in Spanish "vapores," and nothing can be more badly arranged than their internal economy. El Cid, too, was one of the worst of her order. We paid, or, rather, we were told to pay thirty-two dollars to be taken to Marseilles; and so disgusted were we with the outrageous extortion, that we determined, as it was summer time, to take a deck passage, and to trust to the chances of the weather. Unfortunately the chances were against us; and as it was evident to the officials that we ought to have paid thirty-two dollars, our attempt to spend a night on the deck of a steamer, at the cost of eight dollars each, (thirty-five shillings) was resented as an insult to Catalonia, and an infraction of *our own rights*. In the old times

"Of good stage coaches running safe and slow,"

if a nobleman travelled by the mail he was expected to "come down with double tips." It happened that a certain lord, yet living, and one of the ornaments of his order, was travelling by the mail, and, as *he* supposed, *incog.* When the coachman was about to leave, the nobleman tendered half-a-crown. Jehu, who recognised his lordship, looked at the gift and the giver, "My Lord," said he, "this here's not quite the thing. It's what I call a breach of privilege!"

When we committed a breach of privilege we were subject to every kind of neglect and positive insult; and it may be as well to caution travellers always to go *by land* along the coast of Spain, if it be possible; for, in the first place, they will be put to no greater expense, and will lose no more time; and in the next, they will see a beautiful country not often visited. Such is the uncertainty, and so great are the charges, that it will cost no more either of time or money to go along the coast, visiting Malaga, Alicant, Carthagena, and Valencia in the way, than to go direct by steam from Cadiz to Barcelona. We had, however, seen the country before, and not knowing how we should be treated, preferred the sea.

While delayed at Barcelona by the unpunctuality of the never-sufficiently-to-be-abominated Cid, we visited some of the factories in the place, and especially the foundry of Mr. Thompson, at Barceloneta. It is needless to say, that hitherto all the best Mediterranean steamers have had English engines and English engineers; and for a long time to come this must continue to be the case, for very few, either French, Spanish, or Italian engineers, are competent to the duties of the post. I saw a pair of boilers at Mr. Thompson's, which had been taken out of a Spanish vessel then lying in the harbour: they had been in use scarcely three months, when, so deplorably had the machinery been neglected, that Mr. Thompson was called in to prescribe. "What will it cost to put the engines, boiler, and all in working order?" "About 1,500 dollars," replied the physician of cast iron. The captain executed a dance about the deck, and discharged more *carajos* than would be pleasant to put on paper. He sent for a Spanish engineer, who pulled all the machinery to pieces, and then confessed his inability to put it together again. Once more Mr. Thompson was

sent for, and now he was obliged to require two thousand dollars! and the matter was in his hands when I left.

The Spanish government very wisely gives every encouragement to English engineers. When they take service in war steamers they have the rank and pay of lieutenants in the royal navy, and are not allowed to be interfered with in the discharge of their duties. An instance which had occurred not a month previously, afforded a striking proof of the value set by the Spanish admiralty on the services of English engineers. The chief engineer of a Spanish steam-frigate, lying at Barcelona, having had some difference with his captain, the latter, in the course of a rather warm altercation, drew his sword upon him, whereon the Englishman immediately knocked the captain down. This breach of discipline was at once brought before a court-martial, and the engineer was condemned to receive a reprimand, but he was taken from the ship, and placed without delay in another. It is pleasing to notice, however, the cordial agreement which exists between the English engineers and their Spanish brother officers. We visited

several government steamers, and invariably found the chief engineers Englishmen, having Spanish rank.

There are so many objects of interest in the Catalonian capital, that a week may be passed with much profit as well as pleasure there. The cathedral, though unfinished,—more's the shame,—is an imposing pile of building: the altar-screen is light and elegant; it is of bronze open work, and richly gilded, so that the fine painted windows are seen beyond. We attended service here one Sunday, and were struck, and shocked, by the entire want of reverence displayed by all parties, as well priests as congregation or spectators. The music, too, was indifferent, and the voices harsh and disagreeable.

The church doors were crowded by beggars, and their importunity was most offensive. I met with one beggar in Matarò who was evidently a Castilian, and showed his origin as well by his speech as his manners. I saw hunger in the poor man's face, and gave him a little loaf which I had purchased for railway consumption, not having any small change. He took the loaf, and having

kissed it, pressed it to his forehead, saying to me, as I entered the station, "Sir, may God guard you." The elegance of the accent, as well as the little orientalism with which it was accompanied, proved the speaker to be no son of Catalonia.

This railway, by-the-bye, deserves a passing mention; for with the exception of that just opened from Madrid to Aranjuez, and a little bit in Asturias, rather for carts of iron ore than for passengers, it is the only one in Spain. It is about eighteen miles in length, and extends from Barcelona to a small town on the shore, called Matarò. It lies, like our own South-coast railway, almost entirely on the sands, so that the engineering difficulties, which in a more direct line would have been great, are avoided. The journey occupies about three quarters of an hour, and four or five trains run daily: the rails were made in England, as well as the carriages and locomotives, and they were all set in working order by an English engineer. The fares are moderate, but the carriages are by no means remarkable; the first-class are our second-class carriages, with cushions loose on the benches, and gay chintz curtains; the

second-class are the same, without the cushions and curtains; and the third are, as too often with us, mere open pens. Luggage is charged for extra, and the usual demand for a small portmanteau, will be one peseta for putting it on the omnibus, one for its carriage, and one for taking it off—one again for carrying it into the station, another for putting on a leaden seal, the use of which is that another peseta may be charged for removing it again. A peseta is very moderate for putting it into the luggage train, and another will pay its carriage; then all has to be paid over again at Barcelona or Matarò, as the case may be, so that for two dollars and a half you may have your carpet bag or portmanteau conveyed some nineteen miles.

I mention these things, not out of ill-nature or discontent, but to set at rest the minds of Englishmen when they hear foreigners complaining of extortion on the part of English porters and cabmen. In France or Belgium the nuisance is just as great—in Spain and Italy much greater; and very few parts of Germany form any exception. The road between Matarò and Perpignan

is very interesting. We entered Spain through La Junquera, a point comparatively little known to Englishmen; most of our countrymen who visit the peninsula preferring to enter the country either at Cadiz, or by way of Bayonne. Gerona is a fine town, but with narrow and antique streets; the cathedral is approached like those at Tarragona and Barcelona, by a flight of steps, and built very much after the same plan. We had an opportunity of witnessing high mass performed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Tarragona. The hearers seemed more devout than at Barcelona, but a sad want of taste was exhibited in the newly adorned and gaudily decorated organ; it was altogether out of keeping with the sombre magnificence of the church, which, *if finished,* would be a superb specimen of architecture.

Figueras is a lively and pretty town enough, and there are many villages embosomed in little romantic nooks of the mountains, which look as though fitted for abodes of pastoral tranquillity, but which have been, until lately, the hiding places of guerilleros and contrabandistas, if of no worse characters. This road is that in which

French commerce and French commercial men generally travel, and you cannot enter Spain by it without seeing how much France is interested in keeping up the present vicious state of trade in the peninsula.

When we left Perpignan, we left in a French diligence, which was changed for a Catalonian one at Figueras, and nothing can be much more uncomfortable than this wretched contrivance; it was a long, loosely-built omnibus, crowded to suffocation by travellers, neither very clean nor very civil, and one of whom, a Catalonian lady, carried with her a parrot not caged, but free to walk about as he pleased, and to make night musical with his sweet voice, which he did not fail to do. Several persons were bitten, and all much annoyed, but there was no help for it. At La Junquera our portmanteaus were opened, and some paper taken from us. We got a little bad bread and worse wine, while some further robberies were being perpetrated, and inwardly registered a vow, if ever we came into Spain again, to come by way of Bayonne and through the Basque provinces.

So far as scenery is concerned, the southern pass is better, for the Pyrennees present many delightful landscapes between Toulouse and Perpignan, and are much finer than at the northern extremity of the chain; Catalonia too is unquestionably a more interesting country than Biscay, but the modes of conveyance are far preferable on the great northern road, and much less trouble is given to the traveller; Bayonne, again, is beautifully situated, and it is worth a day or two to explore its neighbourhood. The great difference is, that from Perpignan to Barcelona is the route of French commerce; from Bayonne to Tolosa is the road for politicians and diplomatists. The only sign on the Catalonian road that the tourist has reached another kingdom, is a red and yellow sentry box with the Spanish flag; on the Bayonne road the change is very striking. On approaching the frontier, the scenery assumes an aspect of gloomy grandeur. A river lies before you, neither broad nor deep, but it seems to flow on sadly and solemnly; beyond it rise mountains dark and sterile, a ragged village stands at the termination of a bridge, and a

small military detachment intimates that the traveller is about to pass into another land; that village is Irun, those mountains are the Pyrenees, that river is the Bidassoa, and that land is Spain! France yields him up with a smile, and the sister country receives him with a frown!

The present condition of Spain renders travelling much safer than it was a few years ago. In Catalonia the road guard is very effective, and robberies are of rare occurrence. In fact, the danger of travelling in Spain has always been much exaggerated. I should have no hesitation at going unarmed through any province of that interesting country; ten years ago, it used to be one of the amusements of those families in Madrid who had friends or relations in England, to collect the accounts from the English papers, of accidents, robberies, murders, which were charged upon Spain, and which, in the spots where they were said to take place, were altogether unknown. One such instance came to my own knowledge. An English gentleman, it was stated, being out rather late at night at Madrid, was accosted by a truculent looking scoundrel.

"Sir, you have got on my coat! have the goodness to give it me at once."

The Englishman replied, producing a pistol, "Sir, I rather think you are mistaken in the person."

"I perceive that I am," was the reply, "it is an *equivocacion*."

An *equivocacion* in Spanish signifies a mistake! That robberies do sometimes take place is undoubtedly true, but they are rarer every year, and it is so well known when banditti are in the way, that single travellers delay their journeys, and diligences take an escort. I have known some two or three instances of robbery, and one of these I will specify, because the story is too characteristic to be lost. The secretary of a certain great and wealthy man, being sent by his employer on important business from Madrid to Toledo, was obliged to go alone. It so happened that there was a band of robbers infesting the road between Madrid and Toledo at that time, who had dignified themselves with the title of *los doze Apostolos!* and as they were twelve in number, each had taken a particular denomination. These gentry unfortunately met

our friend the secretary, and in the course of their conversation with him ascertained who he was, and where he was going. They intimated their intention to relieve him of any superfluous cash or valuables he might have about him.

"Willingly, Caballeros," replied he, "and indeed the more so, as, save my watch and a ring, both of which are very much *à su disposicion de uds*, all that I have with me is not mine but Don ——'s, and he will not allow me to be a loser in his service."

"What you say, Caballero, is very much to the purpose, let us see what you have."

The scrutiny was unsatisfactory.

"We shall trouble you to give us what you were so good as to name, but you must permit us to observe, that it is highly unbecoming an hidalgo of such distinction as Don —— to allow his secretary to go about so ill-provided; so in order to impress this on his mind, and on the minds of persons similarly situated with himself, you will not take it amiss, if we request you to denude yourself of your apparel, in order that we may scourge you with the stirrup-leathers, as much as in our judg-

ment nature will bear, and the exigences of the case require.

"Gentlemen," said the secretary, "I would venture most respectfully to suggest to you, first, that if Don —— had contemplated my having the singular good fortune to meet with your worships, he would have sent his remittances not in paper but in specie; secondly, that as he does not particularly care about the state of my skin, the proceeding you were so obliging as to allude to, would be a punishment not to him, who is the guilty person, but to me, who am altogether innocent; and thirdly, that you have, as a mark of my high esteem for you, all that I have about me in the slightest degree disposable."

"Señor Mio," said the leader, "it is impossible not to be struck with the judgment and good sense which you display, and as a compliment to it, you shall go away with whole bones: but pray remember not to disgrace your employer by travelling again with so short a purse, for you never know what you may be asked for."

"Caballeros, I will bear in mind your caution. Would it be unreasonable to ask you for my ring,

which contains my late mother's hair, and my watch, without which I should not know what o'clock it is?"

"Your worthy mother was a lady of great merit, but as we are all brethren, she was our aunt, and it would not be respectful in us to part with her hair, and as to the watch, we want ourselves from time to time to know the exact hour."

"Gentlemen," said the secretary, "I would submit with great deference to your superior judgment, that I am rather hardly dealt by."

"Valga me Dios," exclaimed the chief, "we are humane beyond example to you. The horse is not yours, and you complain about a ring and a watch. This is St. Andrew, and this St. James, peace be with them, and I am St. John,—carajo! I should like to know how you would have come off if you had fallen into the hands of St. Paul!"

The traveller in these days is not likely to meet with any such apostolic adventures—all the better for him;—if he can make up his mind to a liberal allowance of delay and dislocation, of extortion at custom-houses in Catalonia, and of indifferent accommodation, he may go all through Spain without trouble; good humour is undoubtedly

requisite, and may, in a case of emergency, stand him in stead of pistols and carbine; but I would earnestly recommend a horse as the best carriage, and Don Quixote, next to his bible and prayer-book, as the best travelling companion. The same grave sly humour, the same really high and gentlemanly feeling, distinguish the Spaniard now as did in the time of the great Don; and Spain may be as profitably studied in the pages of Cervantes as though his immortal work were only written yesterday.

We left Barcelona in the dirty and ill-found *Cid*, and after a stormy passage of nearly three times the requisite length, we, to our unspeakable joy, found ourselves in the harbour of Marseilles; we had seen enough of Catalonia, and I had been for some days past consoling M—— and myself with the promise, that when we got to Marseilles we would have some refreshment.

CHAPTER V.

MARSEILLES, ITS PORT — FRENCH CUSTOM-HOUSE — FAIR — "POSES PLASTIQUES" BY CHILDREN—SHIPPING—NEAPOLITAN STEAMERS—IL VESUVIO — CAPTAIN CUSMANO — LEAVE MARSEILLES — FELLOW-PASSENGERS—NUNS—ARRIVAL AT GENOA—QUARANTINE—AMERICAN SHIPS—EXECUTION—GENOA—CATHEDRAL—SUPPRESSION OF MENDICANT ORDERS OF FRIARS—LEGGE SICARDI—VICTOR EMANUEL—COMMERCE OF GENOA — GENOESE ARCHITECTURE — CHURCHES — PALACES—PUBLIC EXHIBITION—STATE OF ART—PAINTING—MUSIC —LEAVE GENOA FOR LEGHORN.

THE port of Marseilles is the most important in France: one-fourth of the commerce of the nation passes through it; and for extent, safety, and convenience, it is hardly to be surpassed in Europe. Just outside the harbour are a number of fanciful guinguettes, in every conceivable style of building, Saracenic, Chinese, Italian, and Gothic, but all strange and quaint. They seem to be the favourite resort of the middle and working-classes; and as they have the advantage of sea-view and sea-air, are no doubt pleasant enough.

On landing, we were taken to the custom-house, and treated with great civility. The French, generally speaking, show us an excellent example in this respect: they understand, and for the most act upon the principle, that customs concern not the tourist, but the merchant; and by observing the spirit rather than the letter of the law, save themselves, as well as others, much trouble and inconvenience.

I had never seen Marseilles before, and had heard much about the offensive exhalations from the harbour; but in truth I found little to complain of in this respect. When we recollect that there are no tides in the Mediterranean, and that this great city is drained into the sea, it will appear almost unavoidable that some such unpleasant results should follow; and I was only surprised to find them so small. We found that it was the season of the annual fair, and determined to amuse ourselves by strolling through it. Some years ago, I took a Frenchman to see Greenwich fair, and he told me that it was very like that of Marseilles. He was not far wrong, save that there appeared to be more real merri-

ment among the French. We noticed a good many booths for gambling, and an exhibition of *poses plastiques* by a company of children, which was very prettily managed. The little creatures had their hair tied up in white nets, their faces rubbed with chalk, and were clothed in tight dresses of white calico, so that they really looked like little marble statues suddenly animated.

We went, of course, to the cathedral; indeed, had we possessed no taste for church architecture, the memory of "Marseilles' good bishop" would have led us to his episcopal church. Of all the buildings called cathedrals which I have ever seen,—and I have seen some seventy or eighty,—this is the most wretched, and unworthy of the name. It is too poor to be a fourth-rate parish church,—low, mean, and in bad repair. The nave, if nave it can be called, was being fitted up for some ceremony, with crimson calico and artificial flowers; and an aged priest, for whom I wished some worthier occupation, was engaged in superintending the labours of about a dozen workwomen, to make the church "pretty,"—and "sweetly pretty" they declared it would be. If it had been intended to hold a fancy fair, and this

had been the place to sell laces and ribbons, chintzes and muslins, it would have been somewhat more in keeping. We rejoiced in the miserable character of the edifice, since thus it was to be treated. The gorgeous magnificence of Amiens, or the solemn vastness of Toulouse, would have rendered such an exhibition melancholy indeed!

The *Arc de triomphe* also called for our attention: the Marseillaise consider it superior to the *Arc de l'Etoile*, which is utterly absurd; neither in size nor beauty will the two bear the slightest comparison. The delay of a few days at this city we did not altogether regret, as there was a quarantine to go through at Genoa, and by waiting a day or two we might escape it, as we heard it was about to be taken off. It ought to have been taken off long previously, or rather ought never to have been enforced at all. Few now will maintain the doctrine of the contagion of cholera; and had it not been for the absurd jealousy of Barcelona, the unlucky gentleman who had the colic might have got well in peace without having his unfortunate little malady magnified into an universal cholera! There was some small excuse, but small indeed, in the fearful ravages which the cholera,

in the year 1835, had made at Marseilles. In Miss Pardoe's most interesting work, "*The River and the Desert*," a work in other respects of great merit, is a description of the most awfully thrilling character: like that by Thucydides of the Plague at Athens; those who have once read it can never forget it, and the remembrance of the event itself so hangs about the Mediterranean, that no one can now eat a few plums too many in Marseilles, without alarming the sanitary officers of all the southern powers.

We took our passage to Genoa in the Vesuvius, a beautiful steam-ship, English built, with English engines, and an English engineer. Mr. M—— recognised in Captain Cusmano an old acquaintance, and he gave us a state cabin on deck, which in hot weather proved to be a great advantage. The vessel was kept in exactly the same order as an English steam-frigate; and so rigid a disciplinarian was the captain, that woe to the unlucky wight who dropped tar or grease on the deck of his Neapolitan Majesty's mail packet, or left anything dirty that it was possible to have clean. Captain Cusmano spoke English perfectly, and had in all respects the manners and bearing

of an English gentleman. In fact, though a Neapolitan by birth, and an officer in the Neapolitan service, his nautical education had been finished under English commanders.

We left Marseilles punctually at the time appointed, and steamed out through the forest of innumerable masts into the clear blue Mediterranean. Among our fellow-passengers were two nuns, who were members of a Swiss convent, and were going to Rome. Their position seemed to us somewhat anomalous. They had travelled alone from their convent to Marseilles, where they had transacted some business, and would have been unprotected in their sea journey, had it not been for a Roman dressmaker and milliner whom they met casually, and who *matronised* them on their way. She was a woman of mature age, and good-humoured enough, but coarse and vulgar in her manners: she was accompanied by her son, a young "*gent*," whose conduct and conversation were neither respectful nor respectable, and Mamma herself was about the last person whom I should have selected for a nun's companion.

The elder of the two sisters might be about twenty-five years of age, the other three or four

years younger; both were rosy, plump, black-eyed girls,—and if there be any truth in physiognomy, could have had no special vocation for the cloister. The arch demureness which they put on was most edifying; their minds seemed entirely unformed, but their peep into the world, such as it was, evidently afforded them unlimited satisfaction. The superior of their convent was lately dead, the elder of the two was to take her place, and their journey to Rome was to effect this purpose. I had never seen nuns before so entirely unprotected as these were. I spoke to them a little on religious subjects, but they were quite children in mind. Half an hour's conversation with such persons makes the strangest stories of Boccaccio and Bandelli quite comprehensible; and one can only lament the prevalence of a religion which thus prevents at once the growth of the intellect, and the development of the affections.

One of our officers seemed to take much delight in opening the eyes of their minds, but I question greatly whether his instructions were of a strictly theological character, or calculated to enhance the delights of a conventual life. With another of

our fellow-passengers, a French merchant and a Protestant, I had much conversation respecting the spread of the reformed religion in France, and especially in the south. His account was very cheering; and he spoke with much feeling on the good effects produced by the wives of the reformed clergy on female society. I took him as a very fair specimen of his class,—well-informed, and rather puritanical than devout,—but impressed strongly with the importance of religious truth. He gave me a very bad account of the moral and religious state of Marseilles, which I was sorry to hear confirmed by other authority. If any good is to be done in the south of France it must be done by Protestantism, and a little puritanical strictness is not altogether undesirable:—as it is, marriage is scarcely regarded at all, and gambling is universal: the former evil is to be understood as peculiarly prevalent at Marseilles, the latter over all southern France.

As we coasted the Mediterranean, we passed Nice, and Monaco, with one exception the smallest independent state in Europe. The Prince of Monaco, however, resides in Paris, and his capital is held for him and garrisoned by the

King of Sardinia, so that his Royal Highness's independence is dependent on his more powerful neighbour. I have seen some coins with the head and title of the Prince, HONORÉ V. PRINCE DE MONACO, and on the reverse a wreath, and the words CINQ-CENTIMES, or UN-DECIME, as the case might be, and brought away some for my own cabinet; but they were struck in Paris, and are current there, though unknown in Monaco itself.

The prevalence of the mistral made our journey by no means a pleasant one, and we were glad when we found refuge in the harbour of Genoa. We arrived in the night, and the first thing which greeted our eyes in the morning was the sad spectacle of an execution: at the extremity of the mole was a gibbet erected, and amidst a crowd of ragamuffins an unhappy fellow-creature suspended in the air. A priest in white robes was standing by the body, and continuing to read prayers. We learned that the criminal had murdered his mother, and was now furnishing *a moral lesson* to the vilest of the Genoese population.

While looking at this melancholy exhibition, we were visited by an officer of health, who came out in the quarantine boat, and made us all prom-

enade on the side of the ship; from his boat he surveyed us, and was graciously pleased to declare that we were all very well, and that when we had been ventilated for three days, we should be qualified to spend a few hours in the nastiest city of the Mediterranean. This was a sad disappointment to us; but there was no help, and Captain Cusmano went to the quarantine office, and arranged that we should work out our quarantine in harbour. This was an advantage, for we had every comfort on board, a tolerably well-selected little library, and chess; then there were in the harbour two superb American frigates, and two war-steamers of the same nation. The stripes and stars fluttered gaily in the breeze, and on board both frigates were good military bands, so that all the evening we had good music, not the worse for being wafted to us across the little interval of water. At the same time, we felt a little irritated, for this delay was altogether unnecessary. There was no cholera whatever at Marseilles, and those even who believed that it *had* existed, admitted that it had for many weeks ceased. There is, however, an end to all things: we were at last permitted to land, and took up our quarters at the

Croce de Malta, one of the best-appointed hotels on the continent. We had only three days to investigate the city, and it well deserves a week; for it has not been without cause called Genoa la Superba. I observed that the place is now always called *Genova* instead of Genoa, and that the old names are being generally resuscitated throughout Italy.

I have called Genoa a nasty city, and so it is, but there are some parts of it which do not deserve the imputation; in fact, those portions which are not so, are superb, and those which are not superb, deserve the more disagreeable appellations. I noticed one peculiarity with regard to the "unpleasant odours;" in many places they do not walk about,—you know where to find, and how to avoid them, but *here* they are locomotive, and though confined to certain localities, yet within those limits they do, as the French say, *promenade* themselves at pleasure, so that they meet you here and there and everywhere, and are of the most intensely pungent and penetrating character, so as almost to stifle the astonished stranger.

The Cathedral claimed an early visit; it is an extraordinary building, and is of a semi-

byzantine order; it is of marble, and is in strata of black and white, but the choir is of the usual character of Genoese churches; it is in beautiful preservation, as indeed are generally all the public buildings in the city. When we saw it, it was undergoing repair, and some of the lateral chapels are being, not restored, but Genoised, if such a phrase may be used. The nave of the cathedral has merely a white roof, and wears not altogether an ecclesiastical air; indeed, if it were in Smyrna or Constantinople, it would make a splendid bazaar. While I was at Genoa, the country was in a state of partial disturbance, by the edict of the government suppressing the mendicant orders; all the well-informed and industrious classes were pleased with an enactment which had been so long called for. In Genoa alone, the population of which did not exceed 120,000, there were 14,000 monks, nuns, friars, priests and other ecclesiastics, and this enormous mass of superstition and idleness was laid on the shoulders of the industrious community!

Carlo Alberto would have rectified this evil long ago, but the peculiarity of his position prevented his so doing. Victor Emanuel was under no such

restraint, and he at once accomplished the task. A few more hands are now eligible for work, although unaccustomed to any useful employment. The late Jonas Hanway was accosted by a man who, with an air of deep distress, requested relief; Mr. Hanway declined, and the petitioner departed, saying, in accents of despair, "I must now do what I have always striven to avoid!" Mr. Hanway went after him and gave him a trifle; "My poor man," said the philanthropist, "what did you mean when you said you must now do what you had always striven to avoid?" "Sir," said he, "if you had not relieved me, I must have gone to work!"

There was a part of the populace over whom the friars had obtained great influence, and it was supposed that the suppression could not be accomplished without some disturbance, but it passed over more tranquilly than was expected. When the courts of Rome and Sardinia were a little embroiled, Victor Emanuel threatened to follow the example of Henry VIII. in England, and declare himself head of the church throughout his dominions, and this threat (I wish it had been carried into execution) soon restored harmony.

We went to the Exhibition of Paintings then open, and were much disappointed; the few paintings which seemed to possess any merit, were copies, and as the works of the old masters were covered by those of the new, our loss was twofold, and the damage done to us was active as well as passive; we were prevented from seeing what was good, and obliged to look at what was bad. A picture of the Judgment of Paris was much admired; to my mind all the goddesses were "decidedly plain," and on my asking M. to which, if he were in the place of Paris, he would give the apple, he gravely replied, "I should eat it myself!"

The churches of Genoa are worthy of a stranger's attention. They are splendid in the extreme; there is little or nothing of a devotional effect produced by them, they neither exalt nor overpower the mind; there are no fretted aisles, no storied windows, no dim religious light, but there is every conceivable variety of painting and gilding, and variegated marble; they are like drawing-rooms in some imperial palace; their roofs are rich in allegory and history, and their walls actually blaze with gold and silver; carpets, tapestry, curtains, plate, massy candelabra, pictures of saints with

crowns of gas-jets, marble of every colour, mosaic floors, carved portals, vie in producing the effect of dazzling splendour. These churches form a school by themselves, and must be seen to be appreciated; there are a few examples in other parts of Italy, but here, and here only, are the head-quarters of this style of art. The palaces, too, partake of the same character, and show at once why the title of Superba has been given to Genoa; the term must be understood in its Italian acceptation, as *proud*. Nothing is good enough; they would "gild refined gold, and paint the lily;" if they could also "throw a perfume on the violet," their labours would not be unappreciated.

In the exhibition were several portraits of the late king Carlo Alberto, and of his present majesty; the former is, or was, (for I would speak rather of the man than the picture,) thin, pale, and grey-haired; his countenance gives the idea of astuteness, but distrust, not unmingled with benevolence; he is said never to have looked at any one in the face. That he was inordinately ambitious there can be no doubt, but his general policy seems to have been patriotic.

The present king is very unlike his father

in person; there is a good likeness of him on his coins, and he is certainly unrivalled among sovereigns in the length of his red moustaches. I have heard of the porter of a former king of Persia, who could tie his moustaches behind his head, and on this account he enjoyed a double salary. If the Sardinian exchequer could be replenished by a similar claim, Victor Emanuel need not make it in vain, for he would have little difficulty in equalling the Persian porter. He seems to be popular with his subjects, who speak of him as being a well-meaning and kind-hearted, but somewhat hasty man, with a sincere love of his country, and great spirit and resolution. The "*Legge Sicardi,*" the old Sardinian laws, are being carefully studied, and with a view to constitutionalize the character of the government; and the general condition of the Sardinian states is favourable to the cause of progress. The arts, I cannot help thinking, are at a low ebb: music is better understood than the others, and the theatre of Carlo Felice maintains an operatic establishment of considerable capacity.

The National Guards have a picturesque dress, and a round broad-brimmed hat, with a plume of

green feathers; this is a new uniform, and looks amazingly melodramatic, and it so hits the Genoese taste that these gentlemen may be seen strutting about with the most entire self-complacency, and waving their plumes with an air of such ridiculous affectation as to give small hopes of any high military qualities. When there was really some chance of their being called out into active service, they put on the plainest and most mercantile dresses imaginable, and only come out as prize firemen when the enemy is at a distance, and a review is the most serious matter to be proposed for their consideration.

As we wandered about through Genoa, we saw many interesting buildings, and especially the Exchange, which is well situated and convenient. There are about it some curious relics of old Lombard architecture, and the crowds that people the neighbourhood bring back to the recollection the old days of the Genoese Republic, when their commerce extended over the world, and their ships covered the seas; but they were a faithless race, and their treachery brought them into ill odour with all who had dealings with them. In Majorca, and in Turkey especially, they gained an unenviable repu-

tation, and even the fame of Doria fails to make them interesting as a naval power. The commerce of the city is now rapidly declining; the real Genoa velvets of our days are made in Lyons and Spitalfields. But yet the admirable situation of Genoa, its excellent harbour, the industry of its inhabitants, and their recovered freedom, must restore them if not to the supremacy which they once enjoyed, at least to commercial prosperity. They are not, strictly speaking, Italians, any more than the Catalans are Spaniards, but a mixed race, in which the Provençal element predominates; and it is very singular, that Marseilles shares the same peculiarity; so that the three great ports of the Mediterranean are inhabited by cognate races, and all to a certain extent distinct from those of the country in which they are found.

After two days, Captain Cusmano sent to tell us to be on board by six o'clock that same evening, as he hoped to be in Leghorn the next morning at the same hour. We had seen the two American frigates and one of the steamers sail out of the harbour, there was no more music got by staying, so we obeyed orders, and in due time found ourselves on our way to Leghorn.

CHAPTER VI.

LEGHORN—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF TUSCANY—MIXED POPULATION—AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS—MALA GENTE—GREAT RESERVOIR OF WATER—CATHEDRAL—GRAND-DUCAL RAILWAY—ROAD TO PISA—CABS AND FIACRES AT PISA—WALK IN THE COUNTRY—CATHEDRAL—LEANING TOWER—BAPTISTERY—CAMPO SANTO—THE ARNO—RAILWAY TO FLORENCE—GENERAL CULTIVATION OF THE COUNTRY—AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT—GALLERIES—CATHEDRAL—SANTA CROCE—ALBERGO DE YORCK—MUSIC—FLOWER GIRL—PASSPORTS.

IT was with feelings of deep interest that we found ourselves early the next morning entering the harbour of Leghorn—Livorno, as the Italians call it. It was not only that we saw before us that land so fertile in genius, the country of Michael Angelo, and Petrarca, and Boccaccio, and greater than all, the mighty Dante; but we had hitherto seen lands, which, whether well or ill governed, were at least ruled by lords of their own race.

"Though tyrants then,
They were at least our countrymen."

We were now about to enter the garden of the world, and to behold it under alien domination.

The eagle of Austria had grasped the sinews of Italian strength, and the glory of Ausonia now lives only in the past. That the Austrians are a worthy, nay, a very worthy people, none who know them will doubt; a little heavy and thick-witted perhaps, but yet very estimable *in their way;* but here they are altogether *out* of their way, they are exotics, and have nothing to recommend them. Austrian dominion lies like an incubus upon Italy, and the national genius never can, never will expand till this pressure be removed. No cordiality, whatever the Austrians may say, can ever exist between them and their Italian subjects; and even good government—granting, what we are by no means inclined to grant, that the Austrian government is good—may be bought too dear. Outward order and quiet streets do not compensate for the extinction of national spirit; while the connexion between freedom and the development of genius is too evident to admit of discussion. Just now, Tuscany is in the occupation of the Austrians, and the insult as well as the injury is deeply felt.

"I am not fond of speaking French," said a

lively Italian to me one day, "but I like it for permitting me to call these foreigners by a pardonable pun, *ces autres chiens,"—(ces Autrichiens).*

On landing, you find yourself handed over to Austrian custom-house officers; you must have Austrian authority to travel, and the grand duchy is for the present a mere province of Austria. The commercial prosperity of Leghorn is great, though even this has suffered from the Austrian occupation; the city is large, populous, and well built, and it seems that there are many French and some English residents. But of all Italian towns it is that which has the most mixed population, and so bad in the character of the mob, that theft, picking pockets, and worse offences are frightfully common: we were a party of three, and in an hour's morning walk we had three distinct attempts made on our pockets, and the *valet de place* who went with us entreated us to take no notice, as our lives would not be safe; assassination is more common here than in any other part of Italy, and the Austrian police is powerless to prevent it. One of the waiters at our hotel stated, that several attempts had been made on his life,

because he had been instrumental in bringing some juvenile thieves to punishment; he said that he never went unarmed, and showed us a pair of small English pistols which he carried about him. I was not surprised to hear him say that he intended shortly to leave Leghorn, and to seek employment at Marseilles. The "*mala gente,*" as he called them, were a truculent ferocious-looking race, not unlike the Catalans, and formed a remarkable contrast to the quiet industrious people of the interior, the true Tuscans.

The Cathedral forms one side of the great square; it is a plain building, in bad style, and when we saw it, was filled with worshippers, the bishop celebrating mass; there are a few indifferent pictures in it, but nothing worthy of especial notice. The Jews, who form one-fourth of the population, have a synagogue, but it presents nothing peculiar. The most interesting object in Leghorn is the great reservoir made by the late Grand Duke, which is indeed a work combining beauty and utility. A quarter of a mile from the town, stands a building of no great elevation, the front of which is a colonnade in the form of a

crescent; a small fee is expected on entering, and the traveller finds himself in a vast hall, vaulted, and many-pillared. He stands in a gallery mid-way between the floor and the roof; at his feet is the surface of the water, so exquisitely clear, that were it not for the boat floating before him, he would imagine the immense chamber to be empty. An inscription in brass letters on the marble floor, looks as if it were but six feet deep; it is, however, three times that distance from the surface; it sets forth the author and object of the work in modest terms, and is suitable to the simplicity and greatness of the design. The coolness of the air, the soft twilight that prevails within, make the transition to the heat and glare without almost painful, and we left with much satisfaction that a mere accident had led us to so interesting a spot.

There is now a railway from Leghorn (the Strada Ferrata Leopolda) through the principal part of Tuscany, and we secured places to Pisa. The country here is flat and uninteresting; there are many canals at Leghorn which serve to drain both the city and the country, which but for this would be unhealthy in the extreme. For a con-

siderable distance inland, as well as along the shore, it is one swamp, and the view from the Tower at Pisa presents a strange contrast to the gazer who turns from the flat, marshy maremma to the blue ridges of the Apennines. The land is, however, as well cultivated as the circumstances will allow, and all through Tuscany there is no want of skill or spirit in agriculture.

The railway runs for some length within sight of the sea, and is a great help to the farmer in conveying his produce to Pisa, Florence, and Lucca. The carriages are well constructed and comfortable; less luxurious than those of Saxony, they are much better than those of Austria or Belgium, and leave our own at an immeasurable distance behind. Nor is the rate of progress a slow one; from thirty to thirty-five miles per hour is about the average, and thus in less than half an hour from leaving Leghorn we found ourselves at the Pisa station. Here, as soon as we arrived, we were seized upon by the most troublesome set of cabmen and fiacre drivers which I ever remember to have seen. At least ten congregated round us, each shouting in our ears *La Catedral!* and evi-

dently thinking, as do the little ragamuffins at Amiens, that the metropolitan church is there principally to be the termination of a fare. As our luggage was in some danger of going wrong, we were glad to retreat from the strife of tongues into a little café close to the station, and then having placed our belongings in safety, we sallied forth, and announced our intention of walking. This however was contrary to the intention of our captors, who followed us in two lines, vociferating in our ears as they went, and bringing their cabs or calesas close at their heels. At first we were exceedingly annoyed; we were five in number, and ten carriages, with twice as many drivers, formed our retinue. Three of our party were Americans. We held a council of war, and as the rascals had decided on escorting us, wherever we went, we resolved to give them a walk.

Proceeding straight onward, we soon left the city behind. After we had gone a mile and a half, four calesas had deserted; three more left us before the second mile was finished; and when we had accomplished another half-mile, the last had turned towards Pisa, the driver easing his mind

with more *Cospettos* and *Corpo de Baccos* than it is at all necessary to enumerate. We now wended our way backward. There is a proverb which says of this city—

"Pisa pesa a chi posa;

which has been translated—

"Pisa sits ill
On those who sit still."

This was certainly not our case. We had made a noble stand, and a noble walk, too; we had gone along the banks of the Arno, and botanized on the way; but we were very tired, and almost regretted that we did not submit to a little despotism. However, there we were; there was the Cathedral and the Leaning Tower; one to be gone over, and the other to be gone up; there was the Baptistery and the Campo Santo, the one to be gone into, and the other to be gone round, and not by any means time enough rightly to see them. The cathedral indeed did not detain us long; beautiful as it is in proportion, and sumptuous in material, it inspires no feelings of devotion; its chequered marbles, its inlaid floors, its

mosaic roofs, its gorgeous gilding and painting excited admiration, but nothing more; they were not grandly and rudely massed together, in a rich sombre light, and redolent of antiquity, as they are in St. Mark's; they were not palace-like, as in Genoa; nor was there any of that simple majesty which overwhelms the mind, as in the cathedral of Thoulouse; it is merely cold and handsome, correct in its kind, so far as anything Byzantine can be called correct at all, and seemingly designed to make the gazer exclaim, "How much all this must have cost!"

The baptistery possesses more real beauty, and the effect of a deep and powerful voice reverberating from its dome, is fine in the extreme. We had an example furnished by one of the minor canons of the cathedral, who kindly sung part of an anthem in the centre of the building.

We lingered longer in the Campo Santo, the ground in the centre of which is covered with earth brought from Calvary. There is something very touching in the idea that the bones of those whom we love repose in ground so peculiarly consecrated. It savours perhaps of superstition,

but no superstition of saint-worship or relic-mongering has half so much beauty to recommend it, and I gathered some of the long grass from the enclosure as the memento of a solemn hour spent here in the summer twilight. The arches that run round the inner part of the cloister are light and graceful, and the cloisters themselves are enriched with many interesting monuments, and many treasured remains of remote antiquity. On the walls are the paintings of Giotto and some of his immediate disciples, in some places much decayed and in others much mutilated, but enough remains to give an adequate idea of the state of art in his day, and I confess I was hardly prepared to see so much power and so much expression at so early a period. Many of the figures are evidently likenesses; and there is one corpulent gentleman whose uncomfortable position suggests the idea of artistic revenge. He must have been an enemy of the painter! Strange to say, these pictures, coarse and revolting as are many of their subjects, do not jar on the mind here; they do not shock the feelings of devotion; like some of the grotesque imagery of Dante,

they appear incomprehensibly in keeping with the rest. The Campo Santo is scarcely an earthly place, and these are the wild accessories of an unearthly dream.

But who ever beheld the Leaning Tower without admiration? I shall not describe it; it is familiar to all by pictures and models; but no picture or model can convey any idea of its rich yet pure and classic beauty. We ascended and surveyed the landscape from its top, and while we were there, the bell struck the hour. I imagined that this was being done for our especial benefit, and begged that it might stop, as the sound was oppressive. Nor was it till we had left Pisa that M—— thought fit to tell me the real facts of the case. I suppose my request was as reasonable as if I had begged St. Paul's clock not to strike twelve till I had got down Ludgate Hill. We might have spent a week very pleasantly at Pisa; it is now a slumberous place; the Arno creeps sluggishly along, and, as Wordsworth says of a very different city—

"The very houses seem asleep."

We saw the palace, for a long time Lord Byron's habitation, and noticed that one with the singular

inscription on the door, "ALLA GIORNATA," (*To the Day,*) an inscription which to this day has been never fully understood.

One long day was all we could allot to Pisa, and midnight saw us safely housed in the Albergo di Yorck at Florence. I may just mention here what I was told about the name of this hotel, that it is not called after our ancient city, nor after the magnificent metropolis of the west, but after His Eminence, Cardinal York, otherwise called Henry IX. King of England, the last in the direct male line of the Stuarts. I suppose few persons who lay claim to any poetic feeling at all have ever entered for the first time *Firenze la Bella* without experiencing some emotions akin to enthusiasm. The ancient and glorious associations conjured up by her very name; the priceless treasures of art within her walls; the memory of Alighieri and of that

"Michel piu che mortal, angiol divino,"

crowd on the mind, and awaken an interest such as few other cities can excite.

The next morning we found some curious specimens of tourists. I heard an Englishman put

himself in a violent rage, because the waiter did not understand him.

"Eggs, I say; bring me some boiled eggs."

"*Signore, non capisco!*"

The traveller dashed out of the room with something like an imprecation. When I saw him again I interpreted for him. "Sir," said he, "I told the landlord that I could not speak a word of their absurd lingo; and when I tell the waiter that I want eggs, the fellow stares at me and says, '*Signore, non capisco!*' Now, Sir, you know a man can't stand that!"

Then there was the person whom Mrs. Jameson met there many years ago; he must have been the same, for the world can hardly match him. He had just come from the backwoods of America. He wanted to know what there was in Florence worth seeing, and when M—— told him paintings and statues, "Ah," said he, "I guess that's not in my way;" and after spending half the day at billiards he actually left Florence the same evening for Rome, without even leaving his card on the Venus dei Medici.

As the cathedral is close to the Albergo di Yorck, and as the day was Sunday, we attended service,

and heard a good plain intelligible sermon. The music was indifferent, and carelessly performed, but there was more appearance of devotion in the worshippers than I had yet seen in any Roman Catholic church. With the building itself I was greatly disappointed. Externally it has the look of a gigantic toy of Tunbridge ware; for the colours and disposition of the marbles suggest the comparison at once. The east end is finer than the west, and has more style, such as it is, about it, but the interior is bare and new-looking; it is all coloured grey, and its general effect is cold and unsatisfactory. Even if the ancient tone could be restored to the interior, I should not feel as I suppose I ought. Michel Angelo, when he left Florence for Rome, to build St. Peter's, is said to have looked back with lingering delight on the Duomo, and to have exclaimed, "*Come te non voglio, meglio de te non posso,*" ("Like thee I will not, better than thee I cannot.")

I strove to imagine Dante taking his solitary walk, and saying to the troublesome friend who insisted on talking to him, "Pray what is the greatest beast in all creation?"

"An elephant," replied the astonished idler.

"Then, elephant, leave me to my reflections!" but the attempt was in vain; I could not fancy the grandest of poets choosing so neat a church for his place of meditation. Santa Croce would have been suited better to the man and to the story.

The name of Dante brings us at once to that most interesting church where is now his monument, and a line from his own poem, most happily chosen, appears as the inscription. He refers it to Virgil,

"ONORATE L'ALTISSIMO POETA:"

but far more applicable is it to himself: long exiled, his patriotism never flagged, he was the determined enemy at once of corruption and oppression, and has left a legacy to the world which virtue and religion will ever hold most dear.

We did not fail to visit leisurely the great galleries at the Palazzo Vecchio and the Palazzo Pitti, and would space allow, I would gladly comment on their riches.

"There stands the statue which enchants the world,"

worthy of all its glorious reputation; around it

are treasures both of painting and sculpture, of which each one would suffice to place any gallery in a high rank, but they have been described again and again. This is one reason why I shall not undertake the task; another is, that no description can embody the *genius loci*, the feeling of reverential enthusiasm with which the rightly constituted mind is affected, when it is brought into contact with the masterpieces of human skill. The intellect perceives, the heart feels the influence of the beautiful and the true. Yet, there is not much to be said for the present state of Florentine genius; the *Esposizione* was open, and we had an opportunity of comparing the paintings with those of the older schools; few were worthy of notice, the exhibition of our own national academy displays far more ability, and it is for the greatness of a past age only that Florence claims our attention.

The gallery at the Pitti Palace, contains a large number of portraits. Two, those of Leo X. and of Ignatius Loyola, struck me as being peculiarly interesting. The Pope is a shrewd, sensible *bon vivant*, with as little of the higher or

more imaginative poetry as possible, but intellectual in a strong, good-humoured, and not over-refined way; it is easy to discern in his countenance a taste for magnificence, and that kind of elevation of feeling which we emphatically call "gentlemanly;" a little sly sarcasm, too, is evident, with a kindly, jovial cast of character. He is not one who would have raised himself to sovereign power—there is too much love of ease, too much self-indulgence for that—but being raised, he would bear his honours well; Leo ought never to be regarded as a Pope, but only as a secular prince; the popedom with him was an accident; no man, perhaps, ever thought less of eternal realities than the sovereign pontiff who condemned Luther. He should have occupied the place of Louis XV. or of George IV. and all would have been well.

The too celebrated founder of the Jesuits at first disappointed me, and yet I learned more of Ignatius by studying his portrait for a quarter of an hour, than by surveying the history of his extraordinary creation for months and years. The soldier monk comes out from the canvass,

and confesses that his order was like the popedom of Leo, an accident: there is strength, iron strength if you will, but not that far-sightedness, that astute policy which one would naturally look for in the inventor of Jesuitism. No, Loyola was no more a Jesuit, than the late Mr. Simeon was a Simeonite; he took the elements of soldierism and monachism, and the result was not a new one; there had been Templars before Jesuits, both were what the age made them, and Ignatius had no eye to the enormous effects which should be unfolded through his scheme. His was not the mind to hatch this masterpiece of Satan in. He did but mutter the spell, not knowing the import of the charmed words, and the fiends clustered round him, and made him do their work, while he supposed saints were doing his.

One day while walking on the Lung Arno, a flower girl passed us, and in passing threw little bouquets to us,—we sought for some small coins, but alas! we found only scudi, and scudi, (crown-pieces,) were rather too weighty for our purpose—there was something exceedingly winning in her

manner and appearance, and noticing our evident regret, she begged that we would keep the flowers as a remembrance. We afterwards heard her history, which was not without its romance. It seemed that she had been the mistress of the Grand Duke, and being discarded by him was now selling flowers for a maintenance: report spoke very well of her subsequent conduct, much better than of that of his Royal Highness. We should have been glad to have seen her again, for her bargain with us was not a profitable one for her. These flower girls are generally persons of good character, and they display much of that grace both of manner and language, which we so naturally look for in Italy, and sometimes—don't find.

I have already spoken of painting. Music is at a lower ebb in Florence than with us. I went with M——— to a popular entertainment, where the musical performers were mostly amateurs, but we both considered it very inferior to what it woul have been in England.

All the arts seem depressed: the atmosphere of an Austrian government disagrees with them. Should Italy ever be free, they may again raise

their heads. Now, the turbid Arno, (I wish I could speak in a more complimentary style of it,) which runs like pea-soup at Pisa, and like liquid mud at Florence, is a fit stream to inspire the poets and painters of a city which once produced a Dante and a Buonarotti! While looking upon its yellow waters, we recollected how necessary it was to prepare our passports for Papal and Austrian inspection, for the next great rivers we should see would be in the territories respectively of the Pope and the Emperor. So we went our way to the British embassy, and I got M———'s name transferred to my passport, which satisfied the Austrian authorities, and saved us no small trouble. We found Lord Palmerston's name of immense value. He has an Oliver Cromwell like style of managing foreign affairs, which is singularly efficacious, and for which reason all who ever intend or expect to leave England, even for a tour, should pray for his continuance in office.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ROAD FROM FLORENCE TO BOLOGNA—HIGH CULTIVATION—VIEWS OF THE COUNTRY—BOLOGNA—PAPAL MISMANAGEMENT—FRONTIER STATION — AUSTRIANS IN TUSCANY — FOWLING-PIECE — AUSTRIAN COMMANDANT — PASSPORTS — DANGEROUS ROAD — FERRARA — CATHEDRAL—ROVIGO—THE PO—SAINT MARY'S—AUSTRIAN FRONTIER—FERRY—RIVER SCENERY—CUSTOM-HOUSE—PADUA—CHURCH OF ST. ANTHONY—LEGENDS OF THE SAINT—LOMBARDY POPLARS—HIGHWAY ROBBERIES—SOLDIERY ON THE ROAD—AMERICAN TRAVELLERS.

THE country between Florence and the frontier of the Tuscan territory is highly cultivated, and the road presents a series of pictures which strongly remind the English traveller of home. Farm-houses by the road-side, many of them thatched; a general air of comfort, neatness, and industry, gives Tuscany a pleasing pre-eminence among the Italian States; the *dolce far niente,* seems little valued,—industry is the rule, not the exception, and there is no part of Europe where the signs of material prosperity are so abundant and so unmistakable.

We left Florence in the evening, and took the top of the mail to save time, and to see the country by moonlight, nor did we repent having done so; we were very comfortably accommodated, and the soft balmy night brought back to our recollection the most beautiful descriptions by Italian poets; the moon did indeed scatter "her frost of living pearls,"* and when from time to time we caught views of a more extended character than the rich and high hedges always permitted, the resemblance to our own land was still more remarkable than by day-light. Our guard entertained us with music on a kind of tin trumpet; that it was not altogether classical in character may well be imagined, but what it wanted in quality was made up in quantity, for the worthy fellow had a friend preparing for the same office, and he allowed him to practise whenever he was not performing himself. Now and then they varied the entertainment with a song, and generally one which the Austrian authorities would have been slow to approve. I asked a good

* "E gia spargea rai luminosi e'l gelo,
Di vive perle la sorgente luna."—*Tasso.*

many questions as to the feeling in Tuscany on the subject of the Austrian occupation, but I heard none of that extreme bitterness of expression which afterwards struck me so forcibly in Venice. The industry of the people has not been interfered with, and as the Tuscan government had been wisely liberal, and the people well educated and prosperous, there was little cause for complaint. Austria had for a long time ruled mediately, and the occupation, though sometimes grumbled at, was not in reality much of a change.

Early in the morning we entered the Papal States, and observed the crossed keys and tiara on the sentry box, which marked the spot where the dominions of Pius IX. commenced; on the shield were the letters R. C. A., standing for *Romana Chiesa Apostolica*, but which I rendered into English as "Roman Catholic absurdity," and certainly, I never met with so much absurdity in so short a time, as in passing through the States of the Church*. The change from

* I must mention here a curious translation by Dr. Wolff. Speaking in a lecture, of the French republican motto, "I will tell you," said he, "how I translate that—Liberté, Egalité,

happy industrious Tuscany was visible at once; we were surrounded by swarms of dirty squalid beggars, and the whining tone, especially of the children, was intolerably disgusting. One little rascal about nine years old, was absolutely perfect in his lesson, the stupidity of his countenance, and his indomitable perseverance, made him the most disagreeable beggar I had ever met with; as much to keep them at a distance as to satisfy their continued craving, we scattered some bajocchi about, and while they scrambled, we got inside the custom-house.

I found that our books, some of which were theological, and not of the mildest order of Protestantism, were all looked at and passed without

Fraternité. I translate that"—and he thundered out the words—"Tyranny! Beggary!! Butchery!!!" The same kind of witticism has been made on the coinage of the French republic as was made on that of our own. Alluding to the dot between the words, the legitimists say that the republic proclaims liberté, point; egalité, point; fraternité, point; *i.e.*, liberty, none; equality, none; fraternity, none! The coinage of the English commonwealth bore on one side the legend "THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND," on the other "GOD WITH US." "Yes," said the royalists, "by their own confession it is plain that God and the Commonwealth are on opposite sides."

any objection; but very different was the case when Mr. M———'s gun came to hand—it was prohibited—it could not come into the territories of His Holiness at all—nobody wanted guns, except Austrians,—it must go off—it could be kept at the frontier, or sent back to Florence. We showed our passports, explained that we were English gentlemen, that we had nothing to do with revolutionists or carbonari, that we were particularly partial to the Pope, and exceedingly attached to the Austrians.

That might all be as we said,—but a gun was a gun—and it could not be allowed in the Pope's land. At length I proposed that the unlucky Joe Manton should be taken to pieces and packed up, and that on the package might be put the seal of His Holiness, for that then it could not possibly do any harm either to him or his cousin-germans. To this proposal the Papal custom-house officer good-naturedly agreed, on our showing him ten apostolic reasons in the shape of *pauls*, why it should be so, and he accordingly packed up the gun in our presence. How much cord he contrived to employ in the operation, it is impossible for me to guess; he tied it first in one direc-

tion and then in another, as though he suspected that a protestant gun might perhaps go off of its own accord, even when taken to pieces, and kill some faithful believer in papal infallibility.

I do not think we have any right to complain of this as vexatious, for nothing could be more civil than the manner in which it was done, and if it were necessary, as I suppose it was, to prohibit the introduction of fire-arms, no exception could be made in favour of ours; but I confess I was agreeably surprised to find our heretical books so easily passed. This is not always the case: three years ago a box of books was sent to an English gentleman at Rome, and among them was a set of Sir Walter Scott's works. As one by one the volumes were taken out of the case, and their names read over to the examiner, there came in turn—Valtaire Scott.

"Ah, stop there, Voltaire's works are prohibited!"

"This is Valtaire, *Scott.*"

"Ah, never mind the Scott, that's nothing; give me the books; Voltaire is enough, and his works must not come in!"

As soon as this little matter of the gun was

settled, away we went again through a country in itself most delightful, but ill cultivated, and occasionally, in the lower parts, subject to ague, till we arrived at Bologna. The situation of this city is pleasant, and the soil around it extremely fertile; but though clean, and better kept than some other towns which we saw, it has an air of great desolation,—grass grows in the streets, and of commerce there is little or none.

As we had agreed to meet a friend at the Grand Hotel de Suisse, we took up our quarters there, but we were very sorry that we had not gone to the Tre Mori, for mine host of the Grand Hotel seems to treat his guests with singular coolness. Two men, whom we supposed to belong to the house, carried up our portmanteaus to our rooms, and required five pauls for the two minutes' work. On remonstrating with them, and appealing to the landlord, the latter said that they were not his servants, and that he could not interfere; and the rest of his conduct was consistent with this beginning. We never had so many robberies committed upon us as here, and so many causes for dissatisfaction. The papal seal on the unlucky

gun, together with the document given to us when the seal was put on, were declared not sufficient, —we must either leave it at Bologna or get an order from the general commanding to carry it on. Then all passports were not only examined by the Papal but also by the Austrian authorities at every town, and we had the annoyance of paying for three stamps about twice a-day. We found the Austrian commandant civil enough, and took away the gun, having by this time paid about its value for permission to carry it.

At Bologna the traveller from Tuscany beholds the arched piazzas which give that quaint antique aspect to the streets they adorn. Half the town walks under cover. The cathedral disappointed me; it is in the white and gold drawing-room style, so common in Italy, and which contrasts so disagreeably with the grand gothic edifices of Spain. Bologna is rich in works of art, particularly pictures by the Caracci, Domenichino, Guido Reni, and Guercino; but I shall not enlarge on this subject, as they are all perfectly well known.

From Bologna we hired a vetturino with his carriage and horses to take us to Padua, staying

at Ferrara and Rovigo on our way. I do not think that I was ever much more disappointed than with the cathedral at Ferrara. There is a magnificent façade of the thirteenth century, in beautiful preservation, and you go in, thinking to lift up your eyes to the fretted tracery, and to see the light descend to you through painted windows, rich with the blazoned history of martyr and apostle. You enter—a corridor, in strict keeping with the façade, strengthens your expectations; but alas! no sooner are the gates passed through, than you find yourself in a white and gold church, as pretty as that at Bologna, and not a whit more devotional. We walked about the castle, but it no longer presents any objects of interest. The splendour of Alphonso d'Este's court is with the past, and only the sorrowful recollection of Tasso hangs like a cloud over the decaying city. How poor at this distance of time does Alphonso look by the side of his victim! how entirely would he have been forgotten had it not been for his connexion with one

"who once did deign
To embalm with his celestial flattery
As mean a thing as e'er was spawn'd to reign."—*Byron.*

It was market-day when I visited Ferrara, and there was some degree of bustle and animation in the streets. There are still armourers here, who keep up a shadow of that renown which distinguished the great Andrea; still there is but little commerce, and less enterprise. In fact, the whole of the Pope's territory is in a most unmistakable state of decay. Equally fertile and productive with Tuscany on the one side, and Lombardy on the other, it stands as a melancholy proof of how much the mismanagement of governors may neutralize the advantages of nature. Priestly rule is now, as it ever was, the worst of all rules; and Papal rule has, in addition to all the inherent vices of a sacerdotal government, many particularly its own. It seemed to me to be the opinion of all who ventured to speak plainly on the subject, that though the late Roman Republic was far from being a pure government, yet that it promised better for the welfare of the Roman realm than the Pontifical regime in its very best and most reformed shape.

I brought with me some of the coins struck at Rome, and I believe also at Bologna, during the

short duration of the Republic. Some of them are large pieces of copper, of nearly threepence in value, and handsomely struck; but Italy could produce for the coinage of her Roman Republic no better design than a repetition of that on the large copper coins of the Ptolemies,—an eagle standing on a thunder-bolt, with the legend REPUBLICA ROMANA, and the stale and barren reverse, CINQUE BAJOCCHI, which on so large a lump of copper was an absolute disgrace.

On a wall at Rovigo, I saw an inscription evidently painted, for a vain attempt had been made to wash it out—

"PIO, NO—NO;
MA STAI
FERETTI." *

I had heard of this inscription, and was amused to see a specimen remaining. Between Ferrara and Rovigo we crossed the Po, on what the French call a *pont volant*, and as it is a contrivance not much in use, it was the more interesting to us. It requires a rapid and powerful stream to act well,

* Pius—No, no; but thou remainest Feretti: being a play on the name of His Holiness, *Mastai Feretti.*

and it is therefore especially adapted for the Po. A boat is moored in the centre of the stream with a number, six sometimes, or even more, attached to it, all floating loose in the stream; the more remote of these boats is rowed or pulled to the shore with a line, and the ferry boat is attached to it. The current, by the complication of forces, carries the ferry boat across the river in a segment of a circle, the line of boats forming the radius. All that has to be done is to alter the direction of the boats. By a similar ferry we crossed the Adige also, and entered the Lombardo Venetian kingdom. Rovigo, where we remained for the night, possesses no object of remarkable interest. The cathedral is like that of Bologna, white gold and drawing-room like. The road between Bologna and Rovigo had been infested with robbers some time previously, and the week before two Frenchmen had been robbed of several hundreds of gold watches, which they were taking for sale into Italy. Nor, indeed, were the roads in Lombardy particularly safe; they were patrolled by Austrian troops, and even then robberies were not unfrequent.

We had heard much about the difficulty of getting into the Austrian territory, and had been told again and again that it was unwise to attempt it, for that since the outrage on General Haynau, then recent, Englishmen were subjected to every kind of indignity. I heard one or two instances of Englishmen furnished with French passports having been sent back: but as I was furnished with one from the Foreign Office, and had taken the precaution of putting the name of Mr. Maudslay with my own in Florence, and obtaining the signature to it of Mr. Scarlett, who was acting as minister there *ad interim*, I had no fear of any inconvenience. Nor did we find any. We were treated with great civility, and our portmanteaus opened but not examined. We saw one unfortunate gentleman, an Italian, sent back. It seems that his passport was not exactly "*en règle*," and he had to retrace his steps to Rome.

The Austrian authorities acknowledge no intermediate passports. There is a reasonable, as an unreasonable side to this determination. That an Englishman should be going about the world with a French passport is not quite consonant to propriety; and yet until lately he could only

procure an English one by private recommendation, and at a great expense. On the other hand, as the English have no passports at home, and afford the freest ingress and egress to foreigners, it was an oppressive regulation that, when furnished with that which is sufficient in almost all other cases, they should be subject to any kind of annoyance which could be spared them. An Austrian gentleman asked me if it were not an absurd thing, and capable of being looked on in an offensive light, that a French minister in London should give a right to English subjects to enter the Austrian dominions? The question could only be answered in the affirmative. Thanks to Lord Palmerston, now an English passport may be obtained as easily, and at very little more expense than a French one.** If the charge were five shillings, instead of seven and sixpence, French passports would be totally discontinued, and the Englishman would be everywhere on the same footing, as to nationality, with the American. The passport which the Government of the United States grants to its citizens is a plain, manly, straightforward document *in English*, such as our own ought to be.

From the frontier to Padua the country is flat and agueish, but yet pretty; and I had no idea of how very interesting a flat country might be till I saw the scenery of the Po. Our route lay along the banks of that river, and afterwards of the Adige, for a considerable space, and the effects of atmospheric changes, the breadth of the stream, the pretty villages here and there on its banks, the general air of quiet well-being which characterised the country, made the journey pleasing in more ways than one.

One of the distinguishing features of this part of Lombardy is the great abundance of that beautiful tree, the poplar. The roads are planted with them, and there are two portions of that along which we passed, one seven, and one twelve miles in length, and perfectly straight. When about the centre the effect is very singular. Whichever way you look there are the green pillars of this vast and apparently interminable corridor. The elements of the scene are neither grand nor remarkably beautiful; and yet I have seen vistas twenty times more lovely, and an hundred-fold more sublime, that had not by any

means so powerful an effect. We reached Padua very early in the morning, and drove at once to the renowned *Aquila d' oro,* an hotel rendered illustrious by the royal and imperial personages who have taken up in it their temporary abode. Mine host, who is a man of property, delights to have the portraits of his august visitors adorning his saloons; and evidently considers that no small portion of their dignity is reflected upon him. His position is therefore greatly magnified, and he feels that to be the proprietor of the "Paduan Eagle" is a great honour and distinction. The consequence of this is, that his house is always admirably *monté,* that every body, from the master to the lowest servant, are in their places and about their work, and the tourist is sure to be well accommodated, and to suffer no extortion.

From our windows we looked out on that strange and fascinating building, half mosque, half temple, the Church of St. Anthony. It must be borne in mind that St. Anthony of Portugal and of Padua is a mediæval saint, and not the hermit whose temptations have furnished matter for so many legends and subject for so many pictures. The

Paduan saint was born in Lisbon; and it is said that on the day of his canonization all the bells in his native city rang for joy, of their own accord! While living he was remarkable for his wonderful miracles; and they were of such a nature, and sometimes performed by such means, that had he not been reverenced as a saint, he certainly would have been burned for a sorcerer. He sometimes condescended to recite verses from Virgil, and to cause, by means of them, the most astonishing results. He had the power of dividing himself, so that on many occasions he was known to be at Lisbon and at Padua at the same time, when his presence happened to be equally required in both places.

An incident in the life of the saint is depicted in his church, and devoutly believed by his worshippers, which tends rather to the discredit of the Holy Office. A poor man was accused of having murdered his child. He was apprehended by the officers of the Inquisition, and burned alive. St. Anthony, happily for him, knew his innocence, and raised him from the dead. A few saints like Anthony would remove one of the

chief objections to capital punishment, for the innocent victims might then be restored, which in these darker ages has become impossible. It would seem that in preserving this trait, and painting this picture, a struggle must have existed as to whether of the two were of the greater consequence, the glory of St. Anthony or the disgrace of the Inquisition; and that in Padua the former prevailed.

In Portugal, he has, since his canonization, taken military rank; for in 1705 he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Portuguese armies, and his pay was made over to the monastery which bore his name. His image was carried at the head of the troops, and the battle of Almanza was only lost in consequence of its being carried away by the enemy's fire. About thirty years ago one of the sad results of the poverty of the Portuguese exchequer was, that the saint retired on half-pay, and has since that time left the service altogether. His body is preserved entire in his church at Padua, but at Lisbon they have an arm, and at Venice another—circumstances which ought to excite no surprise,

when the powers he displayed in his life-time are taken into consideration. One ought, indeed, to be much moved with the humility and moderation of the Lisbon ecclesiastics, for they were as clearly entitled to the body which St. Anthony had in Lisbon, as those of Padua are to that which he was so good as to wear in their city. The Venetian arm I do not so well understand; it is undoubtedly genuine, but the Venetians are more favoured than they desire to be. It was the older saint who preached to the fishes, and who afflicted his enemies with erysipelas, called after him St. Anthony's fire. The church of St. Anthony is the most interesting as well as the most magnificent church in Padua. It is Byzantine in its cupolas and oriental towers, in the rich adornment of the interior, and its architecture would well repay an attentive examination. The cathedral is like the others which have been noticed at Bologna and Ferrara, and the noted church of Sta Giustina is in the same style.

In coming to Padua we had not altogether escaped the notice of the robbers before alluded to. Our luggage was detached from the carriage,

and we should certainly have lost it had it not been for a company of Austrian soldiers. They deserved our gratitude for this, but not for delaying us on our way, which they did, by insisting on a share of our conveyance, to the great discomfort of our horses and discontent of our driver. It seemed at one time almost doubtful to me whether we should not come altogether to a stand still. We did however get rid of them after some time, and went on our way rejoicing.

We had made an arrangement with an American gentleman to go together to Venice and Trieste, and from him we learned, what indeed was borne out by subsequent facts, that America was coming over *en masse* to see Europe. I scarcely went into any city in Italy, Greece, or Turkey, without finding some American travellers; and Egypt and Jerusalem received also a full complement. Those I met with were, with one exception (and he, poor man, was deranged), gentlemanly intelligent men, well calculated to maintain the credit of the American character.

I learned that a University education could be obtained in the United States for about 50*l.* per

annum, including all expenses; and that few young men of respectability in the great cities, considered themselves qualified for public service until they had availed themselves of the advantage thus offered.

I found that there was a general impression that our Queen would visit the United States. I know not how the impression originated, but it seemed to give the most lively satisfaction, and the expected event was looked forward to as calculated to increase and cement more than anything else could do the *entente cordiale* between the two countries. It was pleasing to me to notice the good feeling which was entertained by the enlightened Americans whom I met with towards England; the general policy of Lord Palmerston met with their decided approbation. "It was," they said, "high-minded and intelligible; there was no *finesse* about it. It was exactly what the policy of a sincere and powerful country ought to be;" and such they assured me was the universal impression made in America by the aspect of England towards the world without.

CHAPTER VIII.

RAILWAY FROM PADUA TO VENICE—BRIDGE—VENICE—PALACES—ST. MARK—PIAZZA CAMPANILE—CATHEDRAL—COLLECTIONS OF MEDALS—PICTURES—GONDOLIERI—MUSIC ON THE WATERS—THE LIDO AND ISLANDS—THE SIEGE—AUSTRIAN GARRISON—TALES OF THE GONDOLIERI—CONVERSATION WITH AN AUSTRIAN OFFICER—BATHS—HOTELS—TURNER'S PICTURES—AUSTRIAN LLOYD—CURRENCY—COINAGE—PAPER MONEY—ITS DEPRECIATION.

FROM Padua, the seat of mediæval learning, to Venice, the world-renowned city of the sea, we now go by railway, a line which extended from Mantua then, and is now open to Milan. It is indeed a strange mixture of romance and reality to enter Venice by railway. What would Dandolo say could he see the smoking train rushing across the sea to his ocean-girded city? But if anything of old association be lost, and perhaps a little may, there is much gained even in interest as well as convenience. A beautiful viaduct of more than three miles in length carries the train from Mestre

over the waters. This bridge was damaged during the siege, and for a time rendered unavailable, but is now again in working order. The mischief done at that period is perceptible only on this side, and fortunately was not very great.

The real injury done to Venice by the Austrians has been by taking away the freedom of its port, a measure which has nearly removed all its commerce to Trieste.* Venice is now indeed languishing, her population is on the decline, her trade has gone over the water, her nobles are either reduced or absentees, and the canals which once bore the wealth of the world, and over which the proudest of merchant princes wended their way from palace to palace, are all but deserted. Along the Canal Grande, and about the Rialto, there are still signs of life, but it is the faint and feeble pulsation withdrawn from the extremities and only fluttering at the heart. No one can regret the extinction of the Venetian power; perhaps of all governments it was the most essentially wicked. But to see a city of such marvellous beauty, that never disappoints however highly the

* This freedom has now been restored, and Venice is rising again already.

traveller's expectations are raised,—to see this abode of wonder really decaying before our eyes, would be most melancholy, if the whole aspect of the place did not forbid the sensation.

It is not possible to imagine anything more fairy-like than this city of the Doges, with all its accessories. Like its republic, there was never anything resembling it in the world before, and never will be anything like it in the world again; and if Austria allows it to perish, she will commit a crime against art, and science, and history, and poetry, and romance; and I do not think that even Austria is Bœotian enough to do it. If it is to continue a possession of the house of Hapsburg, the emperor should visit it periodically with his court, and if it be destined to form a part of a regenerated Italy, it should have at least the freedom of its port restored. Alas! this will not be sufficient. The navigation becomes more difficult day by day; the depositions brought down by the Piave and other rivers are already making the waters so shallow, that future ages will see the ancient mistress of the sea on dry land.

The palaces, whose very names waken up in our hearts the most romantic echoes, are passed into

stranger hands; few are retained, fewer still inhabited by the families whose names they bear. The Ca d'oro has been purchased by Taglioni, and is being restored so as to be fit for her reception. The Palazzo Grassi is converted into an hotel, probably the finest in the world, and the representatives of the chief Venetian families are residing in Rome, Naples, Florence and Paris.

There are some sights at Venice which will take away a portion of our illusions. Everybody has heard about the Bridge of Sighs, and the Pozzi and Piombi of the ducal palace. The Ponte dei Sospiri now, like one of the "long passages" in Gray's Long Story, "leads to nothing." One side has been walled up, so that the connexion between the "Palace and the Prison" is cut off. But to look down from its grated windows on the narrow canal which it spans, brings back sad memories of the days when the Dantesque inscription would have been most appropriate—

"Lasciati ogni speranza, voi che entrate."—*Inf. Cant. III.*

The *piombi* are now let out, and are found to be agreeable enough for residences, and the *pozzi* are certainly far less dreadful than the stone cells

* Forsake all hope, ye who enter!

of many an English prison. They were all lined with wainscoat for the better protection against damp, and if their position and accommodation were all that was to make them terrible, certainly more has been said against them than they deserve. Confinement—solitude—darkness, are the same everywhere; but they may be made more terrible by cold and damp, and this does not appear to have been the lot of the Venetian prisoners.

I shall not occupy the reader with any description of this interesting half-moresco palace, save to remark the impression of solemnity and splendour which, in spite of its numberless architectural faults, it made upon me.

The portrait of Mannini now closes the line of Doges. Why should any cloud rest upon the memory of this well-meaning and most unfortunate man? If a Dandolo or a Falieri had been in his place he could not have withstood the career of Napoleon, nor did Mannini resign the independence of the republic till the sound of the French cannon was heard on the opposite shore. There is something peculiarly ungenerous in the sneer with which the inferior rank of his nobility is sometimes mentioned, as though a Doge of more

distinguished ancestry could have opposed the French emperor with more success. The Piazza di San Marco and the Piazetta are still gay and lively. The Venetians themselves are still the most polite, and the Venetian ladies the most lovely in Italy.

"They've pretty faces yet, these same Venetians;
Bright eyes, arch'd brows, and sweet expressions still."

Beppo.

And Venice is not yet fallen past recovery. We ascended the Campanile, and had in the extreme distance a glimpse of some snowy peaks; while under us lay the densely packed mass of the city, surrounded by the blue waters of the lagunes, and out beyond the *lido* the sunny Adriatic.

But undoubtedly the spot possessing the deepest interest in a place where all is interesting, is the Duomo. Strange and fantastic, it stands alone among churches. It is a gorgeous temple of the wildest romance. Scarcely a stone is not consecrated by some historical associations of periods whose very annals were poetry, and men out of whose life prose seemed to have been purged. Here, in the rich gold of the Mosaic roofs, in the many cupolas, in the tiers of porphyry arches, in the costly arabesque floors, blaze out the riches

of the exhaustless East. Here, in the trophies of Byzantine art, stand the spoils of Constantinople. Here knelt Frederic Barbarossa at the feet of his haughty pontifical opponent. Here was the ring bestowed with which the representative of the Doges annually in their bucentaur wedded the sea. Turner's pictures give a better representation of Venice than even those of Canaletti, for Turner succeeded in infusing into his colouring the very spirit of the place, whereas Canaletti has but pourtrayed the letter. But Turner has not given us the interior of St. Mark's.

The first effect produced on entering the church is that of gloom. Its inestimable riches do not prevent this, nor does the solemnity pass away when the eye has become accustomed to the light, and the gold and bronze and porphyry and mosaic stand clear and distinct before us. It is a worthy cathedral for such a city.

We visited, of course, the Academia, and the Manfrini Gallery and the Currer Museum. The sculpture is of no great value: there is a small gallery of bassi relievi by Canova, but we looked on it without emotion. I cannot echo the opinion of Lord Byron on the picture by Giorgione in the

Manfrini palace. He speaks most enthusiastically of it—calls it,

> "A thing that you would borrow, beg, or steal,
> Were 't not impossible, besides a shame."

This picture represents Giorgione himself in a dress somewhat brigand-like, looking on his wife and child, dressed in—nothing at all. It is beautifully executed, and there is much loveliness in the female figure, seated on the ground, but the face is in nowise remarkable for expression. Far more gratified was I with the portrait of Ariosto by Titian, a work worthy alike of the painter and the poet.

The Currer Collection contains many antique busts and statuettes, but the curator did not know who or what they were. I told him some of them, and prevented him from misleading tourists who knew no better. The collection of medals is large, but very miscellaneous; and the greater part of the rarities are false; the Roman brass came from no further place than Padua, and the modern coins are ill-arranged, and in wretched preservation. It is singular that this should be the case, but so it is in nearly all the cabinets of south Europe. I went to two or three coin dealers, but they had little to show besides counterfeits.

Series of Venetian coins, and these are of great interest, may be obtained, but few others; the earlier ones are much better executed than those of other nations, and the Venetians may be said to have been the first numismatic reformers of Europe. The matapans—those beautiful groats, which represent the Saviour on the obverse, and the reigning doge standing beside St. Mark, with a banner between them—commence with one of the most celebrated rulers of Venice, the

"Blind old Dandolo,
The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe."

His coins are of great rarity, few cabinets possess them, and there is not one in the series of Venetian coins in our own British Museum. They are to be distinguished from those of the other doges of the family, by spelling the name with an O, HENRICO DANDOL. The others have it *Dandul.*

I was very fond of talking to the gondolieri, and listening to their statements of Austrian misrule; no doubt nothing was lost by coming through such a channel, but I found out the feeling of the populace clearly enough. These men spoke openly to me, for they felt sure that an Englishman must be a fervent lover of liberty, and they all consi-

dered that if England would but interfere in their behalf, Venice would be at once free again. They had strange tales to tell of injuries and insults offered to the native Venetians, and, in language more characterised by force than politeness, they consigned *questi maladetti Austriachi* to a warmer locality than the climate of Italy can afford. One man told me of a Venetian lady knocked down and robbed on the threshold of her own palace, by persons in the dress of Austrian officers, and when she applied to the government for redress, she was reminded that her family were of a factious temper, and that the less said about the matter, the better for her. I suppose this story must be taken with qualifications, *cum grano salis,* as it used to be said; but if we may judge of what is done in one place by what is done in another, there is nothing very extraordinary or un-Austrian in the proceeding. I always took two men, and one, an active, obliging and intelligent fellow, would entertain us as long as we liked to listen, with the evil doings of *questi diavoli,* as he called them. Often would we stop the torrent of indignant eloquence, to listen to some sweet music borne over the still waters of canal and lagune, and tried to fancy that the

"thirteen hundred years of freedom" were not yet "done." One day we made a long excursion to the islands of Murano and Chiozza, and the Lido; examined the ancient cathedrals, each of which was in turn the metropolitan church; saw many curious inscriptions in strange characters, and seated ourselves on what tradition says was the throne of Attila. The more ancient of the two cathedrals has window shutters, formed of single slabs of stone, turning on iron hinges; but both are adorned with mosaic work of great antiquity.

A few days before we left Venice, I walked out one evening into the piazetta, and there on a bench I saw two Austrian officers. In a few minutes one left, and as I was very anxious to hear an Austrian account of the Venetians, I accosted the gentleman who remained, and asked him what steamer it was that had just entered the harbour. He informed me that it was the *Ferdinando Primo*, from Trieste, and the conversation thus opened I took care to direct into the channel of Venetian politics. My new friend told me that the Venetians were on the whole very well-disposed people, that they were devotedly attached to the Austrians, and that the emperor had no subjects so faithful

or so affectionate as the Italians, and above all the Venetians; he said that a few disaffected Romans had persuaded this innocent and loyal people, that they were unhappy under Austrian rule, but that the emperor had proved the contrary to them in the most incontrovertible manner, and that since his majesty had been graciously pleased to do this, the only strife had been, who should show the greatest amount of respect and attachment to his government and soldiers.

"And how," said I, "do you find it necessary to treat a people so submissive and affectionate?"

"We watch over them, sir, with the most parental care."

"But," said I, "sometimes men are so perverse and self-willed, as not to be grateful for such kindness."

"That, sir, is not the case here; we keep the city in the most admirable order, and we are literally adored in consequence. If we see a man skulking about here and there, with no proper and lawful business, we take him up. If we see some treasonable-looking scoundrel, evidently about no good, we take him up. If we hear any one uttering those dangerous and uncomfortable doctrines,

which compromise the peace of society, we take him up. If we find people making obstructions, or quarrelling in the streets, we take them up. If a young lady is looking out for more admiration than falls to her share, we take her up. And thus morally and politically we preserve the tranquillity of the city; and, as I said before, we are all but worshipped."

I looked in the countenance of the speaker, for I almost expected to see an ironical smile, but no! all was perfectly serious. I congratulated him on being in a place where his countrymen were so deeply and so deservedly beloved, and took my leave. I had one singular proof of Austrian interference: I wished to take a warm bath, and was informed by the landlord of the Hotel de Ville (Palazzo Grassi) where we were staying, that the Austrians had ordered them all to be shut up! I mentioned this to Mr. Clinton Dawkins, the British consul-general, who declared that the thing was impossible, and sent his servant to ascertain the fact; but it appeared that for some cause or other the baths were really closed, by order of government, and the only chance was at an hotel called the Albergo della Luna, where on

payment of a fabulous price, an inconvenient bath was to be got.

The chief hotels in Venice are in what were once palaces; nowhere is the stranger so sumptuously lodged; nowhere is locomotion so easy and delightful; nowhere are objects of deep and abiding interest so thickly thronged together. It is a city which is entered with a thrill of emotion, and left with lingering regret.

SONNET.

Here let me rest. I see before me rise
The sea-born city—queenly even now.
What though no more on her imperial brow
She bears the ocean's crown—that glorious prize
Won by old Dandolo—what though she lies
Reft of her power and state—still can she show
A diadem of beauty midst her woe;
While from her shatter'd throne a lesson wise
She reads to proud Britannia, who doth bear
That sceptre of the sea that once was her's:—
"He that hath made thee great bids thee take care
To sanctify thy wealth, or dread His curse;
His glory be thy aim, and thou shalt be
Ruler of nations—good, and great, and free!"

The Austrian paper currency is not used in Lombardy. It is to be procured at about 20 per cent. less than its nominal value, and the traveller intending to enter Germany by way of Trieste,

will do well to make the exchange at Venice. Notes of all amounts, down to six kreutzers, and these torn and divided till they are brought down to about the value of one penny English, form the general money in Austria. If I want to buy a pennyworth of bon-bons for a child, I pay for it with a bank note! and the largest transactions are carried on by the same means. At the same time there is a silver currency, at least one dignified with the title, but the coins are base and greasy, so as to be absolutely disgusting to the touch and sight.

The Sardinian coinage is like the French, the silver is good, and the coins are handsome: but in the Popedom, in Tuscany, and in Lombardy, as well as in Austria, the smaller denominations of silver are very bad. The Austrian Lloyd Company take half their fares in Austrian notes, but insist on the other half in specie; and, out of the Austrian dominions they will have nothing to do with imperial paper. For awhile this system may be carried on; but while there is only nominal credit it is ever in danger of being brought to a sudden stop. As it is, all over those conglomerated rather than united kingdoms, where the

Austrian paper is current, the prices of all commodities are ludicrously uncertain; no one knows what kind of a note he shall have to cut or tear for his steak, his hat, or his glass of kirschwasser. In a recent crisis it was positively the fact, that in the forenoon a steak might be had at the Stadt Frankfort, in the good city of Vienna, for twenty-four paper kreutzers; in the afternoon some unfavourable reports brought down the value of paper, and the steak rose to thirty-six kreutzers: but in the evening, when a still more sombre tone was given to the political prospect, the steak rose to forty-eight kreutzers, or just double what it had been in the morning. All this while the metallic currency suffered little change, so that nobody knew what was the right change for any bank-note.

Looking one day at the works of all kinds going on at Trieste, I expressed my pleasure that the Austrian government was strong enough and liberal enough to undertake them; the person to whom I spoke produced a dirty little bit of paper, and replied, "So long as stuff like this will pay for bricks and mortar, and ships, and guns, and men's blood, so long Austria will undertake anything!"

CHAPTER IX.

TRIESTE — CATHEDRAL — TOMB OF WINKELMAN — SAIL DOWN THE ADRIATIC — COASTS OF STYRIA — DALMATIA AND ALBANIA — COMPANY ON BOARD STEAMER — CORFU — CITY AND CITADEL — GOVERNMENT OF THE SEPTINSULAR REPUBLIC — LORD SEATON — SIR HENRY WARD — CHURCH OF ST. SPIRIDION — CHARACTER OF THE ISLANDERS — UNPOPULARITY OF THE PROTECTORATE — GREEK INTRIGUES — CERVI AND SAPIENZA — OUTLYING ISLANDS — SANTA MAURA — SAPPHO'S LEAP — CEPHALONIA — ZANTE — CERIGO — PROPOSALS OF ANNEXATION.

TRIESTE presents few attractions to the traveller. It is a clean, well-built, prosperous, and handsome town, a free port, and the chief seat of Austrian commerce. The Cathedral is ancient but insignificant. It is a poor specimen of Byzantine architecture, with some very second-rate Mosaics, and is chiefly interesting as containing the tomb of Winkelman, the celebrated antiquary. He was assassinated in this town by some ruffians, whose only object seems to have been to get possession

of some gold coins which he had incautiously exhibited.

The Istrian peasantry, who flock to Trieste to bring their produce to market, are very pleasing in appearance and picturesque in attire; their white head-dresses bring to mind the Majorcan *rebosillo*, and to judge from their countenances, the wearers must have a considerable portion of the same gentleness and tractability.

There is a sort of semi-French hotel here, called *"l'Hôtel National,"* where they speak no particular language, but misunderstand all, and where unheard-of prices are charged, as being the rule in Austria. Let the tourist eschew this, and go to some of the hotels in the city. The *"Aquila Nera"* is as good as any, and he will find that as Trieste is a free port, even Austrian paper florins will go a good way.

The Styrian and Istrian white wines are extremely good, something between the Rhine wines and Buccellas; they are free from acid, and therefore light and wholesome. They pretend also to make beer, and it would be very good but for two mistakes; one is, that they use treacle instead of

malt; the other, that they use quassia instead of hops; so that the compound greatly resembles an effervescing black draught; and however salubrious it may be, it is not adapted to British palates.

Here we were obliged to go to the Turkish Consul to get our passports *viséd* for the Ottoman empire, and the star and crescent accordingly adorned that document on the 27th day of the month Zilkade, in the year of the Hegira 1266. The Turks would never have given themselves the trouble to organize any such nonsense as a passport system, had it not been put into their heads by the Austrians. Mashallah! what does it matter to them how many pigs come into the land of true believers, to wonder and be struck dumb with admiration? Why should they disturb the serenity of their minds by handling infidel papers, and noting the length of unbelieving noses and the colour of unbelieving eyes? However, as the French and Austrians do it, they must do it too; it may be that French silks and English penknives derive their goodness from some such formalities; who knows?

We secured berths in the splendid steam-ship

"Africa," one of the finest that the Austrian Lloyd Company have launched, and proceeded down the Adriatic to Corfu. The chief cabin was occupied by an English party, but the second contained a curious mixture, and well pleased were we to turn over such a page of human life as they presented. There was a distinguished French *savant*, a member of the Institute, travelling to investigate points of natural history, with a view to a new edition of Aristotle: a man of many titles and many orders, erudite, quiet, and unassuming. There was an *attaché* of the Prussian embassy at Constantinople, who seemed to employ his whole time in playing with the children on board, and executing practical jokes upon the rest of the passengers; he was a man of education, of course, and could make himself particularly agreeable. Then there was an English family with a host of children, going to settle in Corfu; a Russian merchant who spoke all sorts of languages, and had been everywhere; and the servants of the chief cabin party, one of whom, a great blustering German Jew, patronised the French *savant!* A white slave too was among us, dirty and slovenly

beyond description; she was going to her mistress in Odessa, and appeared to consider her lot a very desirable one. She spoke French, Italian, modern Greek, Turkish and Russian, and I believe all equally well. I had some conversation with her, and found that she was a nursery-maid. A wealthy Russian on board had the care of her; and there was a fitness in the arrangement, so far as that they were alike disgustingly dirty. The merchant told me that this individual — the Russian,—to whom it was a real compliment to be called, as the Turks denominated him, a pig— had a house of business in Vienna, another at Constantinople, and another at Odessa. He was an uncouth and illiterate animal; but from the woman I obtained a good deal of curious information about domestic life in the interior of Southern Russia.

Our journey was anything but a weary one; we had the most beautiful weather, and the romantic coasts of Dalmatia and Albania furnished us with a never-failing panorama of interest and beauty. At length Corfu came in sight, and after nearly a week at sea, we were glad of the

prospect of two or three days on shore, and availed ourselves of the opportunity to see what this beautiful island might have to show. It was late on Saturday when we landed, and the next day presented just the same scene that a garrison town in England would have exhibited. We took up our quarters at the club-house hotel, where we found English waiters, English comforts, English money, and everything English that could be brought out.

The sight of our own troops marching to church with the regimental band, awakened a thousand pleasing associations, and the numbers of our countrymen, and countrywomen too, on their way to church, the closed shops, the general quiet and air of sabbath-rest, made us feel quite at home. Owing to some little error in the directions given to us, we found ourselves in the Presbyterian place of worship, surrounded by Scotch soldiers. We heard a good sermon, but well-nigh spoilt by the mannerism of the preacher both in tone and delivery. After church we walked about the town, which is for the most part well built. The government house is a respectable palace and advan-

tageously situated, and we ascended to the top of the citadel, where we obtained a beautiful view; opposite was the rival heights, and beneath us the city stretched out its densely peopled masses of building; the fortifications of Vido occupied the centre of the scene, and far beyond, the blue mountains of Albania. The position of Corfu, as the key to the Adriatic, makes it of great value to the English, nor are the Austrians unaware of this; they are not quite clear of intriguing with the Ionian islanders, and urging them to agitate for annexation with Greece; but on many accounts it would be the height of impolicy to abandon our hold on these islands.

Few persons in England take the trouble to acquaint themselves with the real political position and value of the Ionian republic. It is sometimes spoken of gravely, as one of the European powers; but the fact is, that an amount of population equal to that of all the seven islands might be taken out of Southwark, or Marylebone, without any perceptible loss. The state consists of seven small islands, with a number of little dependent rocks and islets, and it is by treaty

placed under the protectorate of Great Britain, in such a way as to make it a portion of the British empire.

The English government names a Lord High Commissioner, who was, as Sir Thomas Maitland interpreted the treaty, a kind of constitutional despot, having far more power in the islands than the sovereign has at home, and ruling absolutely over both the Ionian houses of parliament. This system worked well, the commerce of the islands flourished, and their peace was preserved. Many grumbled, and some few agitated, but Sir Thomas made quick work with complaints and complainers, and every year brought some new proofs that he was right. But the whole system is and ever has been an anomaly.

The Septinsular Republic was established under British protection as a Christian Greek state, a refuge for those persecuted on account of religion, and a protest on the part of Europe in favour of Greek Christianity. It was too insignificant to stand by itself; it would rank with the States of Monaco and San Marino, or the island of Elba, of which Napoleon once styled himself emperor

and king! When Greece became independent, the Septinsular republic was no longer necessary, and for all the purposes of its institution it might have been merged in the new monarchy; besides, it is not a colony, it has the title of an independent state. It costs a large sum annually to keep up, and the English are heartily detested by the Ionian Greeks. Corfu is scarcely a Greek island, it was so long under Venetian rule that it was Italian in feeling and spirit long before the British government took possession of it; the Italian was the chief language spoken, but it is now becoming more and more Greek every day.

I cannot help thinking that to annex Corfu to the English empire, as Malta has been annexed, would be the wisest step which could now be taken; it would gradually be drained of its Greek inhabitants, who would take up their abode in Cephalonia, Santa Maura, and Zante; and the rest of the republic, the islands before-named with their dependencies, might become a part of the kingdom of Greece. It is hardly probable that the powers guaranteeing the protectorate would offer any objection to this change: the im-

mediate effect would be a considerable saving to the exchequer, while England would lose nothing as a Mediterranean power.

After several changes Lord Seaton, a gallant and experienced officer, was appointed Lord High Commissioner, and he, deeming the Ionian people fit for self-government, gradually removed those restrictions which had hitherto kept the administration of the islands in British hands. Whether such an experiment should have been made at all, is a grave question; undoubtedly it was made too early and too rashly, and the Ionian Greeks soon showed how utterly unfit they were for the boon conferred upon them. The news of the French revolution fell among them like a thunderbolt: they were told—and there is too much reason to believe, by Austrian emissaries—that if they declared against British authority they would have the support of France; and they did "*pronounce.*"

On a certain occasion, when a solemn procession of the clergy, with the archbishop at their head, was accustomed to take place, they had been wont to stay for a while before the government house, while the archbishop said a prayer for the

sovereign. The populace refused to allow the primate to say the accustomed prayer, but rudely hurried him on, and when he insisted on reading it, they shut him out of his own cathedral, and obliged him, amidst jeers and insults, to strip off his pontifical robes in the open streets. Such was the first effect of concession to this faithless race, and such was the reward which Lord Seaton received for his liberality.

In Cephalonia an armed insurrection took place, and the leaders openly avowed their intention to "burn the landlords." These men made their escape into Greece, where they were well received, and one, who was taken and tried, and by some technical flaw in the indictment acquitted, is now the leader of the opposition in the Ionian house of commons! That insurrection was put down with a strong hand; but scarcely was an amnesty proclaimed, and the prisoners discharged, than another attempt was made, and this time unhappily with more success. One gentleman of fortune, the chevalier Metaxa, was actually burned alive by the insurgents. Many others were tortured, women were grossly insulted, and the whole

island of Cephalonia was filled with consternation. Sir Henry Ward proclaimed martial law, and having seized the persons convicted on the clearest evidence of being the murderers of M. Metaxa, he caused them to be hung on the scene of their crime,—he laid an embargo on all the boats in the island, while search was made for the two leaders, one of whom was a celebrated brigand. named Vlacco, and the other a priest nicknamed Father Robber! Six weeks passed before they were apprehended, and then they were tried by a court-martial, and executed.

These people are not fit for self-government, and the only way in which the difficulties in which the so-called republic is now placed could be overcome, would be to make Corfu an integral part of our own empire, and let Greece take the rest. Had it not been for the wisdom and firmness of Sir Henry Ward, the whole group of islands would have been the scene of the most revolting outrages. The national character of the islanders is the lowest in Europe; quick-witted they undoubtedly are, but faithless beyond all calculation. The Turks say that the only bad people in Con-

stantinople are *British subjects!* the only persons whose heads have to be cut off; and I heard in Constantinople so many instances of the Cephalonian atrocity, as to be quite able to enter into the Turkish feeling on the subject,—on this topic I shall have to speak again in another chapter. The Corfuotes share less than the rest in this unenviable distinction, and this probably because they are more Italians than Greeks; the principal families among them are of Venetian origin, and among those of Greek lineage, there is a great admixture of Venetian blood, and did Corfu stand alone, the unpopularity of British rule would probably soon cease.

Corfu boasts some fine churches, the principal is that of St. Spiridion. It was the first Greek church I had ever entered, and I looked with much interest on its arrangements and service. Artistically speaking, it had much to boast of, for the ceiling was richly painted by Tintoretto and Bassano. The central compartment represents the delivery of the keys to the Doge of Venice, and is effectively painted in a clear bold style; the altar screen and parts of the sides of the church

are covered with pictures of saints, hard and dry in execution, and many of them with silver crowns and robes fitted to the pictures, and richly chased. But the chief glory of this church is the body of St. Spiridion himself, whose silver coffin the devotees kiss with much reverence; on certain days the mummy is exposed to popular adoration, to the great delight and edification of the people. Sir Henry Ward is thought to have gained much good-will at his first appointment, by the reverence with which he treated the silver shrine. The chant used in the service is peculiar, but I think preferable to that generally adopted in Roman churches. The priests are not unfrequently fine-looking men, and their long beards give them a venerable appearance; the beard is essential to the priestly office in the Greek church, and it *was* said that Bishop Alexander suffered a little in public estimation at Jerusalem, because he wanted this distinguishing ornament.

The Greek priests are not bound to celibacy; by a curious interpretation of St. Paul's directions to Timothy, they are allowed one wife, but not to remarry, so that the wife of a *Papas* is taken more

care of than falls to the lot of women in general: they are allowed to undertake no fatiguing labour, and the reverend gentleman himself will often do the household work rather than have the precious health of his "*cara sposa*" endangered. I have myself seen a Greek priest in Anatolia somewhat embarrassed with a huge dish of goat's mutton, which he was carrying to the baker's, (*i. e.* to the public oven;) and I am told it is no unusual thing to find them engaged in the family washing, while Madam, reclining on a couch, gave the necessary directions.

On many of the churches, and on all the public buildings, is to be seen the symbol of the republic, viz. the winged lion of St. Mark, the heirloom of Venetian subjects. This is another of proof of the Italian rather than the Greek spirit the Corfuotes. They, deciding in the name of the Seven Islands, deliberately adopted the Venetian ensign; and now the figure of Britannia, as the protecting power, is seen on one side of the Septinsular coinage, while the Lion of St. Mark, circled, very much to his astonishment, by a Greek legend, occupies the other.

When we left Corfu, we passed the little island of Paxo, about twelve miles in circumference, and with a population not far short of 5,000. Then came Santa Maura, the ancient Leucadia, best known as Sappho's island, and we passed under the rock from which she is said to have taken her celebrated leap. Foolish, foolish Sappho! she was old enough to know better; and Phaon, who had no more merit than other coxcombs, was not worth the sacrifice.

Ithaca, renowned in song and romance, is a lovely little island. Ulysses might well be proud of it. His galley is shown among the rocks of Corfu, where it was changed into stone by the anger of the goddess whom he had offended,—so near to his own land had he reached in his wanderings after the siege of Troy! Readers are now, perhaps, more generally interested about Telemachus than Ulysses, and yet the latter was the true type of Greek character, a character altogether unchanged. What a sly, cunning, artful old rascal he was; how clever, eloquent, and designing! The stern straightforward Romans would have hanged him; the Venetians would

have accommodated him with a *pozzo* at St. Mark's expense; Sir Thomas Maitland would have flogged him at the cart's tail, and drummed him out of the army; so he lived at the right time for himself, and obtained the name of "the most crafty," and was, as King James I. the English Solomon, who was a sort of a disciple of his, said, "a very great master in the art of king-craft."

Then comes Cephalonia, the ancient Cephallenia, of which I have not much to say here; when I come to relate the anxieties which "*British subjects*" cause to the Porte, I shall have to mention these choice specimens of humanity.

Zante is the most beautiful of the Ionian Islands, it is called the flower of the Levant, "*fior di Levante,*" and it deserves the title; very prosperous too is its commerce; and the town of Zante rises terrace above terrace in the most elegant order, with groves down to the water's edge, towers and turrets to break the monotony of the scene, and the blue hills forming a fine noble background. But see, close in shore there is a small island, good for nothing but to quarrel about, and which anywhere else would be altogether overlooked,—

it is Sapienza, (wisdom;) it is very little, and very little wisdom was displayed in the attempt to seize upon it; further ahead is Cervi, its sister in misfortune. These two islands were the property of the Venetians; they were afterwards in the possession of the Porte; and when in 1800 the Ionian republic was established, they were formally included in the territory of the new state. They were not, it is true, named, but they were referred to in alluding to the treaties which made Sapienza a dependency of Zante, and Cervi of Cerigo.

When the independence of Greece was acknowledged, no claim was made, and certainly none would have been allowed, on the part of the new Greek government to these islets; but after a time Greek subjects, or refugees, took possession of them, and acts were done which tended to establish Greek dominion over them. As the State protecting the Ionian republic, Great Britain felt bound to interfere, and having called the attention of the Greek Ministry repeatedly for ten years to this point, and having obtained no redress for the Ionian state, nor indeed any notice whatever of her representations, the matter was finally settled by Sir William Parker, and Cervi and Sapienza are

now admitted to be Ionian, and not Greek islands. The student in diplomacy may examine with advantage the whole correspondence on the subject of these islands. Nothing can be more plain, straightforward and dignified than that of our Government; nothing more Jesuitical than that of Russia, and occasionally that of Austria; and nothing more hopelessly and degradingly tricky than that of Greece. Our success was perfect because all our demands were just, and Lord Palmerston wisely refused to allow them to be cut down or modified. There are a great number of islets, most of them uninhabited, but which were tacitly annexed to the Ionian State when Russia was the protecting power; they will not require any notice here. The proposals which have been made of late, for annexing the Ionian republic to Greece, have been for the most part the schemes of mere adventurers; but reasons may doubtless be given why such plans should be acceptable in Cephalonia, Zante, and the southern islands, and some of these will be clear enough when we come to consider the religious condition of the islands, and the state in which education, public morals, and political rights are understood to be.

CHAPTER X.

CURIOUS STATE OF RELIGIOUS FEELING IN THE IONIAN ISLANDS—POSITION OF THE GREEK CHURCH—CASE OF M. PELECASSIS—PROGRESS OF PROTESTANTISM—ALARM IN THE MINDS OF THE GREEK PRIESTS—APPEAL TO BISHOP—CONVERSION OF A THEOLOGICAL STUDENT—INTERFERENCE OF THE BISHOP—REMOVAL OF M. PELECASSIS FROM HIS POSITION—ATTACK ON HIS HOUSE—PROCEEDINGS OF CERTAIN SENATORS—PROTECTION AFFORDED BY THE BRITISH RESIDENT—TRIALS AT LAW—M. PELECASSIS OBLIGED TO LEAVE ZANTE—RECEPTION AT CONSTANTINOPLE—OBSERVATIONS ON THE CASE.

THE Greek Church presents itself under very varied aspects, when seen in Greece Proper, in Russia, in Turkey, and in the Ionian Islands, and *now* it is in these last that it displays the most unfavourable phase of its multiform character. A singular coincidence will be noticed between the churches and the national mind of Greece and Rome. The one is strong, the other astute; the one has a basis of powerful, steady, resolute argumentation, holding to every point of its well wrought and elaborate system—retracting nothing

—denying nothing—qualifying nothing—yielding sometimes to the storm, but ever under protest, and putting forth precisely the same claims, vindicating exactly the same position, when the storm has passed—fraudful, indeed, but tyrannical even in its frauds—stern, cruel, and uncompromising; the other, crafty and dialectic—fond of argument for the sake of argument—minute and even trivial in its details—seeking to develop the slightest shades of meaning—amusing itself with theological hair-splitting to the neglect of weightier matters —and always preferring cunning to force. Rome, however, has recourse to fraud, and the Greek Church to violence, occasionally; but this is when the other and more congenial methods fail or are insufficient.

Perhaps we shall find an additional reason for this difference in the circumstances of the two communions. The Greek Church has never been able to assume that attitude of independence which has so remarkably characterised the Roman. Under the Greek emperors she was in subjection; under the Russian czars, still more so; under the Turkish sultans it was but

a bare toleration that she could ever hope to attain; Venice depressed her; and England has all but ignored her. Rome, on the other hand, has been sedulously and diligently exalted. Kings and emperors have been her slaves, and she has been allowed to have a voice potential in the affairs of the world.

The Church in the Ionian Islands is governed by an archbishop and several bishops. The English have their garrison chaplains, and the Roman Catholics, who in Corfu are very numerous, have their archbishop and a coadjutor. The protecting power, therefore, may be said to sit in a position of dignified indifference, and "to care for none of these things." The supreme government is of an alien faith; the chief families are of one, though different, yet equally alien; and thus, in Corfu, the Greek Church occupies scarcely more than a third place in public estimation. One legitimate stimulus to excellency and improvement is wanting, and a tone likely to be more acceptable to the uneducated masses is but too likely to be adopted by the national Church; and this we find to be the fact. Nowhere is there so much superstition,

nowhere so little real enlightenment on religious subjects, as in the Ionian Islands, Corfu alone excepted, and that but partially. A remarkable proof of this is to be found in the case of M. Pelecassis, which has lately convulsed the island of Zante.

That gentleman, a man of unusual scholarship, and speaking, with equal accuracy and fluency, the Greek, Turkish, and English languages, had been placed by the local government at the head of the high school in the city of Zante, of which he was a native. As might have been expected, from the nature and extent of his acquirements, he discharged the duties of his office to the common satisfaction, and drew up in modern Greek several important works on education. He was likewise employed also by the government in translating and surveying, and for this work his perfect acquaintance with the English language made him very fit. He was soon found able to render valuable services, and rose highly in the esteem of the English. He had been brought up as a member of the Greek Church, and hitherto it would seem that he had not contemplated forsaking her communion; but

while at Smyrna, many years previously, he had become intimately acquainted with some American missionaries. They had taught him to read the Bible and to think for himself, and the remembrance of his intercourse with them frequently recurred to him while engaged in his duties at Zante. About this time some books fell in his way which excited his scruples as to the scriptural character of the Greek Church; and a Mr. Arnold, an American missionary at Zante, of the Anabaptist persuasion, gradually led M. Pelecassis to entertain on the subject of infant baptism the same views with himself.

All this while there was a great unwillingness on the part of M. Pelecassis to leave the church of his fathers. Persons not accustomed to the Greeks have hardly any idea of the extreme difficulty with which their minds are affected by Protestant doctrines; they look on themselves as the *only* true Christians; *they* are orthodox, *others* are heretical; *they* are Hellenes, *others* are barbarians; they almost resent the endeavour to instruct them, if the instruction come from strangers. This feeling would seem to have in some degree prevailed in M. Pele-

cassis' mind, but he was willing to think, to reflect, to study and to pray. He gathered together all who were willing to come, and at stated times read the Scriptures to them, for it must be remembered that the Greek Church does not encourage, and scarcely permits the reading of the Bible in private. M. Pelecassis avoided touching on disputed doctrine; he chose always some portion of Scripture of a practical character, and in a most simple and unpretending way expounded and applied it. For some time all went well; a spirit of inquiry was excited, and many began to seek after the truth.

"Among those who attended the meetings for reading and prayer at M. Pelecassis' house, were some young seminarists, candidates for the Greek priesthood, who wore the robe of priests, but were not yet ordained. The accession of these men could not be kept secret, nor, indeed, was any attempt at secresy made, and the congregation therefore soon attracted the attention of the Bishop of Zante, who, when he knew for what purpose the meetings were held, sent for the seminarists and threatened to strip them of their robes if they did not discontinue the practice. One of these,

M. Ulysses Kynegos, gave to a friend of mine the following account of his conversation with the bishop.

Bishop. Are you aware, M. Kynegos, that you are schismatical in attending such meetings as these in the house of M. Pelecassis without my consent?

M. Kynegos. I was not so, my lord, nor do I understand it so now, for M. Pelecassis seems to me to be a very consistent Greek Christian.

Bishop. It does not appear so if he will not be satisfied with the ordinances of his church. Who licensed him to preach? I did not.

M. Kynegos. He does not preach, my lord; he merely states, in his own house, what are his opinions on theological subjects; a liberty which surely the constitution gives him.

Bishop. The constitution! what have you to do with the constitution? If you were an Englishman you might talk about the constitution, for their heresy is patent to all, and the consequences will be known hereafter; but *you* are a seminarist, you have no constitution to mind save that of the Church, and unless you promise to abstain from

all these irregularities in future, I will take away your robe and forbid you to take orders.

M. Kynegos. My lord, I have a clear right to act as I have done, nor can I make the promise you require.

Bishop. And pray what, M. Kynegos, may be your religious opinions?

M. Kynegos. Those of an evangelical Christian, my lord.

Bishop. I suppose you mean you are a Protestant?

M. Kynegos. My lord, I claim to be a member of the Greek Church; I do not find the word Protestant in the Bible.

Bishop. The Bible! no: study the Bible yourself; but who authorized you to read that book to others.

M. Kynegos. My Saviour, in his command to "*search the Scriptures,*" and I think in this respect I ought to obey God rather than man.

Bishop. I do not see the force of your reasoning. It is one thing to read the Bible yourself, and another thing to expound it, without authority, to others. At all events I will have nothing of the kind in my diocese.

This examination took place in a private house in the city, and M. Kynegos was brought, dressed as he was in the clerical garb, to the palace of the bishop. This proceeding attracted a mob of some hundreds of persons, who were instigated by the priests to gather together and express their hatred of the Protestant doctrine. They did not fail to obey. Following M. Kynegos they pelted him, spat upon him, and above all the other terms of opprobrium which they heaped on this resolute servant of God, resounded the obnoxious one of Protestant. The bishop assembled his functionaries. M. Kynegos was received by them at the episcopal palace. He was stripped of his robe; his hair was cut, his beard shaved, and he was dressed as a laic. All this while the mob was shouting without, and vowing vengeance against the "*wretched Protestant.*" This continued till near midnight, and M. Kynegos' life would most certainly have been sacrificed had he been exposed to the infuriated multitude. About midnight a heavy rain fell, and the mob dispersed. A detachment of police was then sent for, and under their escort M. Kynegos was sent to his own house, and there kept under arrest.

All this time M. Pelecassis himself was at Corfu, engaged on a Manual of Ancient History in modern Greek for the Government schools, and a Catechism of Geology and Agricultural Chemistry. As soon as he heard what had taken place, he hastened to Lord Seaton, then High Commissioner, and related to him the facts of the case. Lord Seaton had heard nothing more of the matter than an intimation from Colonel Parsons, the resident in Zante, that "an uproar had taken place against some persons on account of their religious opinions." His lordship at once expressed to M. Pelecassis his regret and indignation at what had taken place, and when he had obtained from other sources confirmatory intelligence, he sent for M. Pelecassis, and assured him that he might now return to his native island in perfect safety, and that he would be protected in his conscientious proceedings. At the same time he wrote to the police department, charging them to be careful what aid they rendered to the ecclesiastical authorities, and to prevent, so far as they could, all disturbances on account of religion.

This charge, as will be seen by what follows, was but partially attended to. M. Pelecassis,

encouraged by his interview with Lord Seaton, returned to his duties at the Zante Government school, then attended by about one hundred pupils, and resumed his weekly meetings for prayer and exposition, which, however, were not so numerously attended as before. M. Kynegos was *for one year and a half* kept in confinement in his own house, never leaving, save occasionally for air and exercise at night; but to his numerous visitors he testified concerning the hope that was in him, and was not a little consoled by the recollection of the close similitude between his case and that of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. M. Pelecassis did not neglect to visit his companion in tribulation, and their conferences tended to strengthen each other in their high and holy determination. Mr. Arnold kindly supplied out of his limited resources five dollars per month towards the support of M. Kynegos, and thus the hope to starve him into orthodoxy failed. At length his health gave way, and unable to support his imprisonment any longer, he escaped to Corfu, and there remained six months.

As soon as he felt sufficiently restored, he deter-

mined to return to Zante, and preach openly what he felt to be the truth. This he did, and as might have been expected, M. Pelecassis at once joined him in his labours, and a considerable number of Greeks flocked regularly to hear the word. Hereupon the Greek clergy were roused throughout the island. Some stated the Protestant Greeks to amount already to four hundred and fifty, others said three hundred, and others, again, nearer the truth, estimated them at one hundred and fifty. The whole city was in an uproar. No less than sixty of the clergy signed a petition and presented it to the bishop, in which they prayed that as MM. Pelecassis and Kynegos were guilty of proselyting, they might be banished "Not satisfied with their own perdition, these men," say they, "desire to draw all the orthodox flock into the same condemnation." The consequence of this manifesto, which was published in the Μέλλον, a Zante paper, was much to increase the odium in which the now avowed Protestants were placed. The evening of the same day, as M. Pelecassis was walking in the public square with his little son, he was struck down by a blow on the head from the

hand of a M. Domeneghini Francisis, a member of the local legislature, for his "*impudence*" in daring to appear in public while so heavy an accusation was hanging over him!

For this outrage an action was brought, and the perpetrator of it was imprisoned for three months. The next day a riot commenced, such as civilized nations do not often witness. The populace gathered together early in the morning, and singling out the houses of those who had attended the preaching of MM. Pelecassis and Kynegos, broke all the glass in their windows, and pelted the "*heretics*" themselves with stones wherever they appeared. Many of them were seized by the mob, and compelled to hold images in their arms for the purpose of kissing them before the multitude, declaring themselves to be *orthodox*, and not Protestants. This was done in many cases, to save life, by those who had avowed their reception of the truth.

The house of M. Kynegos was broken open, his furniture destroyed, and his books aud papers partly burnt and partly stolen. All this while the police appear to have done little or nothing; they

were probably of one mind with the rioters, and the troops at the disposal of the Resident were insufficient to interfere with effect. At length the tumult grew to such a height, that it became absolutely necessary for the police to act. They gathered together all the persons attacked, and escorted them to the jail at the further end of the city, where they proposed to lodge them for security. To do this by land was impossible, such were the numbers and so great the violence of the rioters. The barge of the Health Office was obtained, and with some difficulty the police succeeded in bringing the "*Protestants*" into it. That they were alive was all that could be said; many were dangerously wounded, and M. Kynegos himself sustained several severe injuries, mostly in the head. It was three hours before any medical attendance could be procured, and the danger of the patients was, as might have been well supposed, greatly increased.

No sooner were the Protestants taken away, than a systematic attack was made on their houses, a boarding-school kept by a Mr. York being the first selected; then about twenty more shared

the same fate, that of M. Pelecassis being reserved for the last. All this time the last named gentleman, supposing that his office and the promise of the English authorities would protect him, quietly remained in his own house, not daring indeed to stir forth. He was soon undeceived: his own account of the matter, communicated to one of the American missionaries at the Piræus, is most touching. For more than an hour did the English Resident and the chief of the police endeavour to restrain the infuriated mob. The house was surrounded by a dense sea of red caps. Every window was shattered, and missiles of every imaginable kind continually flung in. The terrified family flung themselves on their knees in an inner chamber, and there, forsaken by friends and servants, awaited the result. For the consideration of a dollar, one of the police undertook to convey a letter to the Resident, in which M. Pelecassis stated that unless his house was guarded by military during the night, he was well aware that not one of his family would ever see the light of another day.

The crowd did, however, gradually disperse: a most happy providence, for, fearful of exciting a still more dangerous tumult, the Resident had

ordered the military to keep close to their barracks. Next morning M. Pelecassis had the satisfaction to hear that M. Kynegos was out of danger, and he at once applied for permission to take his friend under his own roof. This was declared impossible. Nor, indeed, was M. Kynegos in a condition to be removed. Afterwards, when he was able to leave the prison, and desired to embrace his aged and bed-ridden mother before he finally left the island, he was not allowed to do so, as the popular feeling was too much exasperated against him for this to be done with safety.

The day after this, several rioters (about forty in number) who had been detained by the police, were brought to a kind of mock-trial. These were the ringleaders of the commotion, and they were all set free on bail, nor were any further proceedings ever taken against them. As soon as M. Pelecassis heard that M. Kynegos had determined to leave Zante, he resolved, contrary to the advice as well of his private friends as of the Resident, to go to see him in the prison, and this he did in the middle of the day. His own account of the interview is most touching. "As I passed the long galleries of the jail, attended by the turnkey and jailor,

I remembered Paul's imprisonment at Philippi; and though I knew my friend lay in the jail for safety, yet he too had suffered many stripes. My visit was perhaps rash, but, I cannot say how it was, no one offered the least remark. My appearance seemed to hush them, and I proceeded to Kynegos' cell, where we embraced each other, and knelt down in prayer. The jailor was much affected at the sight. He did not ask what he might do to be saved, but he said, '*I had no idea that you were Christians!*"

A few days after the departure of M. Kynegos, news was carefully disseminated in Zante that he had been attacked and murdered by the mob when he landed at Patras, and the Zantiotes made one more desperate but unsuccessful attempt to seize on M. Pelecassis, holding that anything which had been done in Greece, might surely be done in the Ionian states. One circumstance which shows the spirit of his adversaries more perhaps than anything else, is the significant fact, that no member of the Ionian bar would undertake to advocate M. Pelecassis' cause, against the deputy who had struck him. One, indeed, at last offered for a

most exorbitant fee to do so; but M. Pelecassis, as I think very wisely, declined his assistance. It will not need to be added that the martyr of this movement was at once removed from the Government school. Perhaps this was justifiable, as the master ought unquestionably to be a member of the Greek Church, and M. Pelecassis had now forsaken that communion: but it seems equally clear that the supreme government should have provided for him in some other way. M. Pelecassis himself seems to have had no expectations of the kind, and to have looked on himself as an offering to the more anti-English part of the legislature.

From a careful examination of the whole case, it will appear that the police, however prejudiced they may have been, and however tardily they may have acted, did yet protect both the person and property of M. Pelecassis. Nor can the British government, strictly speaking, be held answerable for the consequence of a riot in a protected state. The British resident may have exhibited too much of the Gallio spirit, but he was hardly empowered to do more than he did. It is difficult to connect any of the British authorities with the sufferings

of this much persecuted man. The blame must rest on the Greek clergy and their bishop: for it must be remembered that the seven islands are an independent republic, and should be governed according to the wishes of their own people rather than of ours. Yet here we see a man, placed with the rest of his countrymen under British protection, who, unconnected with any of our societies at home or abroad, did yet at his own expense, and by his own unaided efforts, make somewhat of the Gospel known to his people. He has been obliged to lose his situation, and with it every prospect of government employment, after fourteen years of earnest and useful labour. His family was dispersed, and he, by the advice of his friends, —who collected a small sum for his support— repaired to Constantinople, to find among the Moslem that safety which his nominally Christian countrymen denied him.

As a native Greek, well educated, versed in three languages, besides the English, of which he is a perfect master, surely he has some claim on the sympathy of English Christians; and it would be difficult to find a person more qualified to teach the

truth among those members of that communion to which he was once attached. I am much inclined to think that his views on Baptism have been taken up with less careful consideration than the rest of his opinions, and that he would be accessible to argument on the more orthodox side of the question. This is, however, only my own opinion; but it is founded on a fortnight spent in his company. The Zantiotes are very ignorant; and those who know so well as I do, of what mingled cruelty, meanness, and falsehood clerical bodies can be guilty when once the spirit of persecution takes hold of them, will not be surprised at the crimes perpetrated in Zante. Our only hope must be in the progress of light. Let the people be taught, and the Bible circulated freely, and all other proofs of civilization and Christianity will soon follow. As to M. Pelecassis it may be difficult for us to apportion exact justice in his case. One thing is evident, that he has been most cruelly treated, and has as evident a right to British sympathy and protection.

CHAPTER XI.

GREEK ISLANDS—CERIGO—DELOS—SYRA—TOWN OF SYRA—GREEK COMMERCE—CUSTOM-HOUSE—REGENT STREET—HOTELS—GREEK AND IONIAN CURRENCY—GREEK CATHOLICS—OLD CHURCH AT SYRA—BEAUTY OF THE CHILDREN—ANCIENT TOWER—INTERIOR OF THE ISLANDS—AGRICULTURE—LAZARETTO—PRISON—ANDROS—TINOS—VOYAGE FROM SYRA TO THE PIRÆUS—FIRST ASPECT OF ATTICA—BEAUTY OF FORM IN LANDSCAPE—LAZARETTO AT PIRÆUS—SINGULAR CHARACTER—GREEK PHYSICIANS—FEVER OF THE COUNTRY—ROAD FROM PIRÆUS TO ATHENS.

In quitting Zante the traveller leaves behind the most beautiful island of the Levant; and I am inclined to think that few have classical enthusiasm enough to admire the Greek islands at first sight. Many appear to be merely barren rocks; many are absolutely uninhabited. Few present much beauty of vegetation; while their great number and small extent tend to increase the sensation of insignificance with which they generally strike the observer. And yet these are the spots, the loveliness of which was celebrated by

the finest of the world's poets. Each of these islets had its own intense nationality—each produced its warriors, its orators, and its sages. Not a rock nor a bay could we pass but there was some mythic legend to hallow it; and yet all classical preparation fails—the mind will *not* be excited. Perhaps, I thought, it is the fault of the English phlegmatic temperament;—but, no; our excitable French friend, filled to overflowing with classical lore, who had a tale for every mountain, and a reminiscence for every promontory, was as cold and disappointed as ourselves. And still

"Eternal summer gilds them yet."

The waves were as transparent, the sky as deeply as divinely blue, the air as balmy as during the heroic ages—the fault lay neither within nor without—we were *not* prepared, the taste has to become acclimated. You might as well play a symphony of Beethoven's to a child, and expect admiration, as to look for it in favour of the Greek islands from one accustomed to more northern landscapes, until his eye had been educated to the more serene and simple beauty of the south.

Of Sapienza and Cervi I have already spoken. Sphacteria, famous for the great victory obtained by the Athenian fleet over the Spartans, is a low island, and lying close to the shore; the sight of its position makes the ancient account of the battle perfectly intelligible. But Sphacteria has another claim on the interest of all readers of poetry, as the scene of Lord Byron's "*Corsair.*" Even to this day is the spot in evil repute; and it is said to be the haunt of the most dangerous pirates that infest the Ægean. A little way off is Navarino, where was fought that battle which in reality made Greece independent—independent mainly through British exertions; and, as of old, ungrateful to the men who saved her.

We had passed from Corcyra to Paxos, Leucadia, Ithaca, and Cephallenia, and were rapidly approaching Cythera; but, alas! the island of the Queen of Love is now a kind of penal settlement. Most strange does it seem that Cerigo should not have been ceded to Greece, when Otho became king. Close to his coast, and far off from the other six, it makes Greece and the Septinsular Republic somewhat like Prussia and her neighbours,

with little fragments of territory dotted about the map of Europe here and there, many of them completely surrounded by the dominions of other states. The value of the islets is nothing: and they would certainly tend to render compact the new, and by no means powerful, state of Greece. We saw many islands *en passant*, and gradually began to admire the simple beauty of form and colour which they display. Melos, Cimolus, Polyægos, Syphnus, Ceriphus, Cythnus, successively exhibit themselves, with little verdure and but stunted herbage, yet basking happily in the sunshine.

Syra itself is of no great magnitude, but its harbour is well situated, and protected by several smaller islands around. As it came in sight we were much pleased with the gay and lively appearance of the town. The greater part of it is built on the sides of two rather steep hills, and the highest, inhabited by Greek Catholics attached to the Church of Rome, is surmounted by an ancient and curious church. The summit of the other hill is crowned by a tower of considerable antiquity, but now in ruins. The more

modern portion lies on the flat shore, and is more regular in its architecture. Syra is one of the few Greek towns that has suffered little from war, and we are able to form a more correct idea of what the mediæval cities of Greece were, from an examination of its peculiarities, than from Corfu and Zante, which are Venetian, as well as the smaller Ionian towns, or from Athens, which is modern and Bavarian. The older part of the town of Syra consists of a series of terraces, facing the sea, and rising gradually to the top of the hills; the houses are white, and there are many vines and other trees interspersed with the buildings. The lines of perspective are broken by two or three well-placed towers. A sprinkling of windmills gives, as Thomas Hood says, "a revolving animation to the scene." Thus, then, it will be easily imagined that the spectator who sees all this picture set in such a frame as no other country can show—

> "Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
> In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
> And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye!"

who feels the soft breezes of the fragrant Ægean, must surely expect to land in a sort of terrestrial paradise. Alas for the moment when these illu-

sory hopes vanish, and he gets back again to his ship, vowing, as did our friend the Prussian *attaché*, that he would not go ashore again if we were to remain twenty years in the harbour.

The custom-house gave us no trouble, and we were permitted, as we came from a clean place, to land in this unspeakably dirty one. We soon found our way to *Regent Street*, and were gratified to perceive, that though it had rained a little, yet walking was not altogether impossible; so we rambled about, visited the tower, and the old town, made a detour into the country, ordered dinner, which we found very good, and prices not more extortionate than perhaps they ought to be "when Greek meets no Greek," and explored some of those picturesque looking terraces which had so deluded our eyes at a distance. But in what terms can they be adequately described? Many of the houses, though whitewashed and looking clean enough externally, seemed to be altogether innocent of ablution within. The communication between these terraces, which formed the road to the top of the hill, was irregular, and necessitated our "tacking"—as seamen have it—now walking

along a terrace, picking our steps most carefully westward, then penetrating through a little alley upwards, then passing eastward along the next row of huts to another pass, wading through every species of abomination, among pigs, and poultry, and dunghills, and refuse vegetables, and the drainage of the houses, and the foulest mud, and incurring no small danger of trampling on the half-naked children, who were taking their pleasure with the pigs and poultry therein. Happy was he who had a cold! Happier still if it made him rather deaf as well as deprived him of the use of his nose! And yet everybody seemed to thrive; the men were fine stalwart fellows, the women pleasing in countenance and graceful in form, and the children really very pretty. Manchester printed cottons appeared to be the favourite wear among these island belles, and very good notions of dress-making they seemed to have. They wore their hair in the received classical style, and displayed phrenological developments which the late Mr. Deville would have marvellously rejoiced at.

Syra is a great entrepôt of Greek commerce, and it is so well situated among the islands that it

is likely to continue so. The harbour was crowded with vessels bearing the Greek flag, a white cross on a blue ground, significant enough, but cold and melancholy in appearance. Of all national ensigns it is the least effective, and it contrasts sadly with the brilliant scarlet of the Ottoman empire, with its snowy star and crescent. This island owes all to its position, for it is not fertile; few trees are found upon it, agriculture is scarcely attended to, the inhabitants are dependent on foreign supplies, and the sea which brings ships into their port, stands them in stead of fields, and vineyards, and forests, and olive-groves.

It is somewhat remarkable that, in spite of this commercial spirit, they will not receive any currency save that of Greece, with the single exception of Spanish dollars; these, too, must be with the pillars of Hercules, as supporters of the Spanish arms; these are called *colonnati*, others are rejected. I fully expected that the Ionian currency would be received, but I found that it would not be accepted as worth anything at all. In Turkey every conceivable coin is current; in many German States each takes the currency of the other; French, Sar-

dinian, and Belgian coins pass alike through the three countries; but the Greeks are purists, and now that they have pieces of five drachmas, they begin to look shyly even at Spanish dollars. Their coins are good, and of a high standard; the drachma is worth about eightpence of our money, and presents a good portrait of the king. Paper money is in general use, and the credit of the bank of Attica is good. The notes are printed on thick blue paper, evidently with a view to much wear and tear.

The commerce of Syra suffered very little during the late blockade; it was a season of great depression of trade. The Minister of the Interior at Athens issued a commission to the Nomarch of Syra to draw up a statement of the losses occasioned by it, and as this was to act in two ways, both to magnify the losses sustained, and to excite a notion that the blockade had been very severe, it was to be expected that gross exaggeration would characterise the report. Now the fact was, that for small vessels, (of 30 tons, and downwards,) Syra was not blockaded at all; the coasting trade was never interfered with, and

only three vessels with cargoes were detained! So careful were the English authorities to consult the real welfare of Greece and the feelings of foreigners, that no less than sixteen vessels were allowed by Captain Knox to sail, although it was manifest that they had fictitious charter parties.

Another fact, which ought to be known in England more extensively than it is, proves that while Greece and her agents in England were crying out about the destruction of Greek trade by the peremptory and tyrannical conduct of the English, there were three hundred Greek vessels lying up at Constantinople, with their sails unbent and without any prospect of employment, and two hundred more in the same condition in the ports of the Euxine, and many had been in this condition for eight months before the blockade took place! A month after it had been raised, ten vessels only sailed out of Syra to seek charters elsewhere, and the rest continued unemployed! From what has been said of the position of Syra, it will be seen that it can be by no means a cheap place of residence, and that those who live there do so for the sake of trade. This is to a certain extent the

case with all the islands, and even Athens is dependent on supplies which a severe winter, such as that of 1849-50, may almost cut off. The Greek government did not fail to attribute all this to the English blockade, and the anti-Palmerston press in England took up the same cry, with or without knowledge of its mingled dishonesty and absurdity.

On one side of the Bay of Syra stands the Lazaretto, to the left as you enter the port; it is a handsome-looking building, and cheerful enough in aspect to those who are outside. I heard many reports of it, and very different ones, but from what I could gather, I should think it very much upon a par with such establishments elsewhere. One advantage there undoubtedly is; the inmates may (for a trifling consideration) hire a boat, and taking with them a guardian, go out to sea and fish, and may land on any of the uninhabited islands, among which Delos would probably be thought the most interesting. I think travellers are a little too particular in these matters, especially our own countrymen: the whole system is an abomination, no doubt; useless as a preventive measure, and extremely mischievous in every other respect, but

while it exists, and quarantine must be performed whether we like it or not, we may as well take the matter composedly, and exhibit that "*mucha calma*" which Spaniards so frequently commend to our practice. Very few lazaretti are now dirty, not many are infested with vermin, and some are as comfortable as most hotels which the traveller will meet with in the south.

It will be worth while to go into the interior of the island, to see a prison built in a radiated form, and consisting of six galleries meeting in one centre, from whence all that goes on in the prison may be observed. I was told that this was the first which had been constructed on this principle, and that it was a Greek invention: I think, however, that we have had such buildings in England from a much earlier period. There is also here "a fountain of the nymphs," with remains of some ancient sculpture.

Thus having seen all that Syra had to offer, we returned on board, and steamed out of the harbour towards Attica. During the whole of our journey we had been visited by thunderstorms; all day, and day after day, the air had been clear and the sky cloudless, but every evening the clouds

gathered, and a little after sunset the lightning commenced; over a sea scarcely ruffled by the breeze, spread black heavy clouds, massed grandly in the distance, and leaving the sky open above: it seemed night after night as though we were sailing through a charmed sea, with the thunder all around, but never above us. Such lightning I never before witnessed—of every imaginable colour, crimson, vivid blue, pale violet, lighting up at intervals of a few seconds the whole horizon, and revealing isle after isle, peak after peak; frequently the flash descended within a small distance from us, directly down into the sea, and its descent was accompanied by a sharp snap as it met the water; however, from the time of our arrival at the Piræus we saw no more lightning.

I have mentioned Andros and Tinos among the islands visible from Syra; in approaching that isle, Paros and Antiparos are seen, but Antiparos is not uninhabited, though it boasts merely a few miserable huts, and the *detenus* in the lazaretto cannot visit its magnificent cavern-palaces. I was told that men had swam across from Syra to Tinos, to escape from the Turks; but I can hardly give

credit to this, for the distance is fully fifteen miles! It is, however, reported as a fact.

Thermia, Zea, and Ægina attracted our attention in our way to Athens; the last named was once densely peopled, it is not fertile, and the labour was performed by slaves; now it has but a scanty population, but they are free. Ægina is interesting to the antiquary on many accounts; among others, because some of the earliest Greek coins were struck here; they have on the obverse the figure of a tortoise, on the reverse a hollow square. The tortoise is an animal of the country, but seems sadly unfit to represent or symbolize Greek genius.

At length we arrived at the Piræus, were safely landed, and locked up in the lazaretto. Let me briefly describe this place; it is not so bad after all. A range of clean comfortable apartments, unfurnished indeed, but for which furniture is forthcoming at half an hour's notice, is enclosed in a court surrounded, of course, by a wall; this court communicates with another open to the sea, and here the prisoners may fish if they please for minnows, or may spend their time in tranquil contemplation. Some (of a literary turn) amused

themselves with leaving inscriptions on the walls, and others, the direction of whose minds lay towards the fine arts, seemed to take pleasure in illustrating the inscriptions. Mattresses, trussells, two chairs, a table, and a little crockery, were sufficient for our simple wants, and the restaurant who supplied the refreshments gave us no cause of complaint.

On board the steamer, we had been accosted by an old man engaged as agent to the chief hotel at Athens, and he took possession of us, as so much living lumber belonging to him, and did all that was necessary for us. No people were ever more waited on than we were: it seemed as though some great mischief would happen to us, if we were left alone for an instant; and the number of times that the old man thought it necessary to look in at us, is not to be computed. He was necessarily in quarantine, as well as ourselves, and as he could not go out, he divided his time between us and two American gentleman, who were our companions in captivity. It must be stated that we came from Smyrna to Athens, and had been seized by the fever of the country

on leaving the last-named city; we fancied that it was a severe cold, and nothing more, till the periodic character declared itself, but when we arrived at the Piræus we were obliged to have recourse to medical assistance. The doctor who came, and who kept at a most respectful distance from his patients, soon undeceived us as to the nature of the case, and after promising us relief in two days' time, he asked us if we had force of mind enough to take medicine.

We replied, "that we would try."

"But," said he, "the medicine I must prescribe is bitter—very bitter."

"Very well," said I, "we will take it."

Judging from M.'s look of perfect resignation, that he would do anything he was ordered, the mind of the physician seemed greatly relieved.

"Some people won't take it," said he.

"No?" said I, inquiringly.

"Fact," he rejoined.

In half an hour's time the "very bitter medicine" arrived; it was, of course, quinine, and in two days, by doses of three grains every hour, we dismissed the fever, that is, we gave it

a holiday; and though we were hardly able to move from the extreme debility it left behind, yet the doctor pronounced us convalescent; and when after five days the doors of the lazaretto were opened, we crawled out, got into a calesa, and drove off to Athens.

We had been furnished with letters to the Rev. Mr. Hill, now the chaplain to the British embassy at Athens, and he had most kindly sent us books and newspapers. We had too letters, some of which had followed us from Madrid to Smyrna, and thus here. I had twenty-two addressed to me, and very glad was I to disburse thirty drachmas for my share of the epistles. During the whole of the time that we were thus confined to the lazaretto by the quarantine laws, and to our own apartment by the Levant fever, the good old man, whose singularities I have alluded to, watched over us with the most constant solicitude; he proved really invaluable, for his patience was equal to his untiring zeal; sometimes, indeed, we would willingly have been left a little more alone, but our old valet knew best what was good for us; and as he allowed us lemonade, *à dis-*

crétion, we were forced to accede to his will in every other respect.

The fever from which we were suffering, is called the Levant fever, and is a species of ague: it commences by severe headache, burning heat, and restlessness, accompanied by pains in the loins and shoulders, the back of the neck, the elbows, and the region of the diaphragm, the latter very peculiar, and only to be described by representing an electric shock stereotyped and fixed in that part; after awhile this stage gives place to profuse perspiration, which besides its debilitating effect, exhales a phosphoric odour, singularly disagreeable; it then passes away for a few hours, but, at a somewhat later period on the next day than that at which in the first instance it had appeared, it announces its return by cold and shiverings, passing again through the stages mentioned before, and this every twenty-four hours, till subdued by quinine and arsenic. Few diseases produce so depressing an effect, and few are so difficult to dislodge; frequently after leaving the country, many months pass before it is entirely subdued, and during that time every slight cold,

every little over exertion, every small indigestion, brings back the fever again to its old quarters, if not with its old intensity. We were told at Athens, to our unspeakable comfort, that we had acquired a companion for life in the fever which had only temporarily left us, and we found a great number of persons suffering from the same cause at Athens.

The climate of Greece is variable, and many parts, Corinth for instance, as far from healthy as the most aguish swamp in Lincolnshire; the intermitting fevers that prevail are more intense than the similar disease in the north, and those who look only to blue skies and a clear atmosphere as proofs of a healthy climate, may find themselves repenting any slight want of caution in a series of burning, melting, and shivering fits. It is, however, only fair to the climate of Greece, to admit that we took this disease, not in Greece, but in Asia Minor; that we had been subject to great changes of temperature; and that we had ridden, from the necessities of the case, day after day, in wet clothes. But we must return to the lazaretto, fortunately only for a few moments.

The custom-house officers had visited us during our imprisonment, and satisfied themselves that "*Greek commerce*" had nothing to apprehend from the contents of our portmanteaus, so that we had now only to enter the carriage brought for us, and start for the Hotel d'Angleterre. The road from the Piræus to Athens, about five miles in length, was soon traversed; we were too languid to enjoy the thousand classical recollections that should have clustered round us, but we could see that the country was full of interest, and soon a turn in the road brought before us the ancient metropolis of civilization. Cutting the clear blue sky with its equally clear outline, stood the Parthenon, before it were the Propylæa, below and close to us was the temple of Theseus; we were in the land of Praxiteles, and Phidias, and Æschylus; a few hours, and we should stand on Mars' Hill, look from the older Pnyx upon the sea, and from that of Demosthenes upon the city. There are no mosques, no minarets; that white plain building is the palace of king Otho, you just see it beyond the Acropolis; and this palace-like structure is the Hotel d'Angleterre.

CHAPTER XII.

CHARACTER OF THE GREEKS—QUESTION, WHO THEY ARE? CONSIDERED—GREEKS UNDER THE ANCIENT PRINCES AND REPUBLICS—UNDER THE ROMANS—UNDER THE BYZANTINE EMPERORS—UNDER THE TURKISH SULTANS—PANHELLENISM—ITS PROSPECTS—KLEPHTS—PALICARI—ALBANIAN AND MAINOTE CHIEFTAINS—SIMILARITY BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN CUSTOMS—HOMERIC HEROES—SMALL SEPARATE NATIONALITIES—COMPARISON BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN ART—POETRY—PAINTING—SCULPTURE—ARCHITECTURE—MUSIC—VALOUR AND MILITARY SKILL—APTITUDE FOR COMMERCE—GREEKS AND ROMANS—GREEKS AND TURKS—GREEKS AND ENGLISH.

THE little state of Greece has, within the last year, nearly embroiled all the great European powers in a war which, in the present posture of affairs, might have raged on year after year, with little hope of extinction. For though the cause would undoubtedly have been a small one, yet the whole continent was, and, alas! still is, like a patient whose irritable condition will not suffer

even a slight dyspepsia without serious consequences. Had the character of the Greeks been a little better understood by some persons lately in office, much of the anxiety and expense which Greece has occasioned, would have been spared. For the apostolic maxim, to become all things to all men, should, in that high and Christian way in which he himself understood it, be the rule of all diplomatists; and to carry this out it is necessary to study, and to study successfully too, national character.

To the character of the Greeks, then, we propose to devote a few pages; to inquire what it was of old, what it is now; if changed, why and how; and in what manner a people such as these are, should be treated.

There can be no doubt whatever, that when the independence of Greece was first contemplated, and "a new sister was to be added to the European family," all that was ever thought of was to prevent such terrific massacres as those of Scio and Tripolizza, to give room for the development of Greek Christianity under a southern power, and to make a pretty little kingdom for some scion of

a royal house. Two of these reasons were, no doubt, good enough, and the third not severely to be criticised; but what should have been the *first* and *chief* was altogether overlooked, viz. the favourable development of the Greek national character. I say development here, and not regeneration, for reasons which will presently become evident. The protecting powers, in accordance with their theory, furnished the Hellenic race with a German king, and a *promised* constitution, extorted the assent of the Porte, and left all the rest to Providence.

Now let us see who the people were, so teutonically provided for. M. Piscatory, quoting an old saying, remarked to a friend of mine,—

"*Monsieur, c'est la même canaille qu'au temps de Themistocles.*"*

The ancient Greeks were the most rapid, versatile, "*talented*" race that ever existed; they had, as it would be absurd to deny, an almost incredible endowment of high genius; they were brave to rashness, eloquent, lovers to enthusiasm of

* "Sir, they are the same rabble that they were in the days of Themistocles."

their country and of freedom, hardy, patient of fatigue, open-handed, quick of speech and temper, and easily induced to applaud the great and good. These qualities were counterbalanced by fickleness, insincerity, ingratitude, and great moral depravity. Religion was a thing of art, and nothing more. Cunning and trickery were sure of approbation; respect for authority either human or divine was little known, and an insolent *practical* unbelief characterised the Athenian *démos*. There were, indeed, many exceptions, and the Athenian character was at once the best and worst in Hellas; but Phocion, Timoleon, Aristides, were widely sundered from the bulk of their countrymen. Themistocles, the

"Great patriot hero—ill-requited chief,"

was more of an Athenian, but history gives us Alcibiades, and fable Ulysses, as embodying between them all its elements.

It will be quite clear that for a nation like this, an extent of territory and a form of government such as those which existed in Assyria, Egypt, Babylon, or Rome, during the palmy days

of their respective greatness, would be impossible. Their own small kingdoms, their municipal republics, formed alone the arena on which they could display themselves, and Greece perhaps the only country which would answer all their conditions. It was capable of minute and yet distinct demarcations, it abounded in natural fortifications, it was fertile in soil and beautiful in scenery, and it possessed one of the finest climates in the world. Here, then, the Hellenic idiosyncrasy did manifest itself in all its finest phases; here in its days of freedom it instructed the world, taught at once liberty, science, art and philosophy, war and patriotism, poetry and eloquence, and all of the very highest order. But it was from a nucleus of discord and bloodshed and treachery and constantly effervescing revolution, that these comet-like rays of ancient Greece were shed forth; it was from a fierce and volcanic mass that Themistocles, Æschylus, Sophocles, Plato, Socrates, Phidias, Praxiteles, Euripides, Demosthenes, Pericles, Xenophon, Thucydides, and a countless host of others almost equally distinguished, flashed forth the beams of their creative energies on an

astonished world. Far off in more tranquil climes might be heard

"The Scian and the Teian Muse."

The Theban eagle took not his daring flight from the Acropolis of Pallas Athene. Sappho's Leucadia lay remote in the quiet west; soft Ionia boasted her sire of history; but still, in those days, for all purposes of genius, for all growth of intellectual greatness, as Greece was to the world, so was Athens to Greece. It is worthy of note that times of intense public excitement have ever been those in which the fields of genius have afforded the most abundant harvest. The Elizabethan age followed the wars of the Roses, as the Augustan did those troublous times which witnessed the destruction of the Roman republic. And this is probably the clue to the apparently paradoxical fact, that Greece did so much then, and has done so little since.

Now if the Greeks of King Otho are the same as the Greeks of King Agamemnon, it is clear that his Hellenic Majesty has a very interesting race to deal with, and one not easy for a German to understand. And what reason on

earth is there to doubt the fact? There was never any great emigration since the brilliant era of Greece; they founded colonies, but still enough remained at home. No Esar-haddon or Nebuchadnezzar carried them away captive; they submitted, it is true, again and again to alien dominion, but they preserved their own language and their own religion; they never became Romans, for when the seat of empire was moved from Rome to Byzantium they in fact conquered their conquerors, and instead of Greece becoming Latin, the Romans became Greek,—they stamped their own character on the Christianity that was brought them, and assimilated it to their own previously received version of the truth. Greek became the language of the court, and while the despots of the lower empire proclaimed themselves to be Roman emperors, they had lost all that Constantine gave them save the title of Cæsar. If the Athenian age exhibited the Greek under his highest aspect, the age of the Palæologi shows us its decline and degradation. Look on the pictures of their coinage. Compare the *staters* of Cyzicus to the coins of the Comneni. In the one we see

boldness of design united to power and delicacy of execution, in the other scarcely a trace of either one or the other. Anglo-Saxon art could do better. The half-barbarian saw a coin one degree above his own skill, and he strove to imitate it. His work is better than that of the Byzantine artist. Yet the Athenian who listened to Themistocles or Cimon, who gazed on the sculptures of Praxiteles and listened to the chorus of Sophocles, and who then took his oyster-shell in his hand to vote against some ill-comprehended patriot, is the same being who under the Angeli and the Comneni lost all his fathers had won, and who did (*fecit*) that frightful thing alluded to above.

The variety of their circumstances will easily account for the differences seen in so peculiarly pliable a people. When their short time of freedom and glory was over, and they became subjects of the Roman empire, they kept up their renown as the leaders of civilization. The Greek language was as fashionable at the court of the Cæsars, as French now is at that of the Czars. Athens was the university of the day, and though the period was past for another galaxy of glory

like that which brightened the era of Pericles, yet even under the yoke of Rome Greece still maintained its intellectual supremacy. The difference was, that so far as the Greek mind could become stationary, it was so;—who could hope for freedom in the iron grasp of Rome? The current of the soul no longer bounded and leaped along as of yore, but it flowed in a tame tranquil stream, and it flowed towards stagnation!

Under the Byzantine emperors Greece was subjected to a worn-out dominion, and the steady downward course of arts, and arms, and literature, and philosophy, from the age of Constantine to that of the Palæologi, forms one of the saddest pictures in history. But amidst all this decay we see the same eternal vanity, restlessness and versatility, the same falsehood and treachery, the same subtleness and selfishness, the same love of display and want of real self-respect, which marked the people whom Aristophanes satirized. But they *were* the same—the same in blood, the same in character, more even than *we* are Anglo-Saxons. Then came the Turks. The successor of the prophet with his scimetar in his hand was hem-

ming round the capital. Ionia and the isles were already his, the castle of Roumeli Hissar already overlooked the city of the crescent*, while the wretched Greeks were engaged in devising new titles†, and arranging new pageants. A few weeks more and the Ottomans were thundering at the gates; a flash of the ancient fire blazed up in the bosom of the last Constantine, flickered for a moment, and the great Roman empire was extinguished for ever!

From the time of the Turkish conquest, the Greeks were serfs, they drank the bitter cup of slavery to the very dregs; for however gentle and humane the Turks might be to their domestic slaves, they were tyrannous masters to a conquered nation. And now the Greeks have a free kingdom, but only a comparatively small portion of their race inhabit it; they form by far the larger portion of the population in European Turkey, and no small element in the Asiatic district. The Turks themselves are no more

* The crescent was the ancient symbol of Byzantium.

† The titles of the last Byzantine Emperors were: Our Lord—the Despot—the King N or M—Perpetual Augustus—Autocrat in Christ.

Europeans than the Persians are, and they know it and feel it. Mœsia, Thracc, Dacia, Pannonia, Illyricum, Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus, formed a magnificent province, but the Ottoman, a dweller in tents, has rather occupied than possessed it. His home is in Asia, and the rich and pious Turk commands that his body shall rest at Scutari, that there, on Asiatic ground, he may await the day of resurrection. Thus then, though oppressed and trampled on, the Hellenic race still hold their ancient land and its dependencies. Time has fused down the Thessalians, the Macedonians, the Ionians, the Hellenes, the Thracians, and the Peloponnesians into one mass, but they are all Greeks, and all feel themselves to be so.

Now, Europe has to deal with a people whose genius and character is no secret. They may be studied under every imaginable variety of circumstance. They have had the wildest liberty, and have been subjected to the most galling slavery. They have been governed royally, imperially, constitutionally, democratically, and aristocratically. Their commerce, their wars, their literature and their art, have been before the

world for more than three thousand years. Rome, Venice, and Turkey have possessed them in turn; and if they are not now understood, the fault must be in the student.

The present position of the Greek race is a very interesting one. They have a small independent kingdom, guaranteed by the great powers of Europe: this they look on as the nucleus of a future Greek empire, comprehending all the scattered portions of the Hellenic race. This idea has obtained *a name*, and PANHELLENISM is as clear and as enthusiastically cherished a system in the mind of a Greek, as Panslavism is in that of a Pole or a Bohemian. These great national ideas are the mountain-tops of a new world, gradually but grandly developing themselves; the sun is resting on their summits, though as yet we can discern nothing of the valleys beneath. The philosophic mind sees these foreshadowings of great ethnical revolutions, and hails them as heralding the approach of a new day, when the barriers of states shall be national rather than geographical, and dynasties shall be kindred with the races they govern. The present generation of Greeks warmly

cherish this Panhellenism. They look on the *rayahs* of European Turkey, the subjects of the septinsular republic, the inhabitants of Crete and Cyprus, and the Ionians of Asia Minor, as inseparable parts of their own body politic. They have a great object in view, and an object which *will* be accomplished sooner or later; and this fact—for as such I look on it—should be taken into consideration, when we are arranging our diplomatic and other connexions with this people.

If Greece is to occupy happily her place in the great European family, she must be educated for it and to it. Of intellectual education she will give herself enough and to spare: there is no spot in all Europe where there is such a hunger and thirst after knowledge; but she must be *morally* educated *from without*. The national vice must be eradicated, and "GRÆCIA MENDAX" must be made GRECIA VERAX. There is hope that this may be done; not in one generation indeed, or perhaps in two; but the national intellect is vivid, and her love of her own interest will make Greece pay more attention to her national character. Already her mercantile repu-

tation is rising, and this is a sure pledge that the whole lump will be leavened; but as yet the task is only begun, and Greece has had many bad examples. Russia, for instance, has treated her like a spoiled child, has taught her tricks and chicanery, and laughed at the result; but spoiled children remember both the trick and the lesson, and Greek ministers will for many years to come quote Russian diplomatists as affording both precept and example for their own crooked ways. M. Piscatory, too, brought down the great name of France by acting in the same way, and condescending to write insolent notes at the dictation of Greek "*statesmen!*"

Greece then has to unlearn these lessons, and to be taught instead, that plain, honourable, straightforward dealing is as necessary between nation and nation as between man and man. Great Britain has given her one such lecture "*illustrated by experiments,*" and it has produced a good effect. Others of the same kind will probably have to follow, but the pupil will learn, and the end will be gained. The classical scholar who gathers his notions of Hellenic life from the poetry

and history of the past, will find himself very near the truth. The scenes in the cottage of Eumæus take place every day in modern Greece.

Civilization has penetrated very little beyond the great towns, and the notions of *meum* and *tuum* which prevail are remarkably obscure. The shepherds even now join the trade of a robber to the care of their flocks, and are far from suffering in general estimation.

As yet, the views of morality which obtain among the country people are analogous to those of the English and Scotch borderers two or three centuries ago. The title *klepht*, or thief, was adopted, not reprobated, and the practices which it indicates were carried on systematically. The office of Palicari and the occupation of klepht were carried on alternately, and the Greek peasant oscillated between the one and the other as circumstances prescribed.

It was on the principle "set a thief to catch a thief," that the Turkish Pacha chose the Palicari out of the most distinguished of the klephts whom he could persuade to be enrolled, and on the first offence offered to him, or the first weariness of his

new office, the brave defender of public order subsided again into the klepht.

Albanian and Mainote chieftains lived like the border barons of old; forays and reivings were their daily business, and woe to any unlucky traveller who passed unprotected through their country. They would strip the poor man of all he had, and all he wore, assuring him that they did so for *his* benefit, and to prevent the "*spolia opima*" from falling into objectionable hands, praising the fineness of the climate, and observing that strictly speaking no clothing was necessary, save by way of distinction for persons of family and condition like themselves.

A circumstance which occurred only a few months ago, will show the way in which brigands regard themselves, their profession, and the community on which they live. There were two men who had long been the terror of Southern Attica. Their crimes were so numerous and so daring, that Athens itself was held in awe by them; passengers were stopped and robbed, cottages in the immediate vicinity of the capital rifled, and many acts of personal violence committed. Rewards had

been offered in vain, detachments of soldiery had scoured the country, but these two men were still at liberty, and still following with increased boldness their nefarious calling. Had it been in Turkey, they would have been apprehended and brought to condign punishment in two days, for they were known to be harboured in a cavern no further off than Mount Parnes. At length, one day as the Rev. Mr. Hill was walking towards a villa which he had on that mountain, he met one of these men. At first he was apprehensive of robbery, if not worse, but the man addressed him—

"Do not be afraid of me; you are our Father; there is no Greek that would rob or injure you; but I want to talk to you."

"Well, what is it that you have to say?"

"It is this, Sir,—that we, both I and my colleague, are tired of this life, and if we could get a pardon, we would go back to honest labour. Will you use your influence with the government to this effect?"

Mr. Hill promised that he would do so, and the robber appointed a time to meet him again. It seems that so entire was the confidence reposed in

this apostolic man, that the robber hesitated not to trust his life in his hands, and even in that of the government, provided they would give a promise to Mr. Hill. The ministers agreed to give a free pardon to the two robbers; but said that as in order to be pardoned they must be found guilty, they must consent to undergo a trial, after which, in consideration of their having surrendered themselves and given up their course of criminality, the king should be advised to grant them a pardon. To these terms the two men agreed, surrendered themselves to the police at Athens, were tried for several acts of brigandage, (themselves furnishing the evidence,) and were of course found guilty. The pardon was then forgotten, *and the two men were left for execution!*

Of course Mr. Hill remonstrated against a crime so black, so utterly atrocious, as that of the Greek government; but his remonstrances were disregarded. The execution was put off for a time, in hopes that the just indignation of the public against their worthless rulers might die away, and in the mean time the intended victims made their escape. One died through the injuries he suffered

in the attempt, and the other took to his old courses. After some months he was taken and executed, but in the interim he had an opportunity of seeing Mr. Hill, and exonerating him from all share in the base treachery of the government.

This anecdote shows that the Greek brigand considered himself entitled to make terms with the government, and it shows also what title the government had to the confidence of the people. But the government *employés* do not always scruple to add to their income by acts of piracy. In 1846 an act of piracy was committed by a band of men wearing the royal uniform in the waters of the Achelous, on six Ionian boats. It was afterwards said that these men had no right to the uniform which they assumed; but it was admitted that the Custom-house officers aided them in the piracy, although an attempt was made to prove that this was done by constraint. Yet what can be said of a government which renders such a transaction possible? What security can there be for life and property, and what kind of lesson is read to a people already but too inclined to insincerity and trickery? And yet even from the time of the war

of independence, piracy was occasionally resorted to for funds to carry on the struggle. In the year 1827, a Greek brig, belonging to the squadron of Miaulis, forcibly took possession of an Ionian ship and confiscated her cargo. No redress was *ever* obtained for this act; the unhappy master was so affected by his misfortunes that he became deranged, and Lord Seaton had the melancholy satisfaction of giving him a gratuitous admission to the asylum at Corfu!

Under circumstances so unfavourable, and with examples so evil before them, we cannot expect Greek honour or Greek honesty to make rapid growth, and it is therefore with more than usual pleasure that I cite the opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Hill, than whom none are better qualified to judge, as to the real advance made by the Greeks in moral excellence. They say that acts of dishonesty are *not* more common in Greece than elsewhere; that the word of a Greek is *increasingly* to be depended on; and that there is *no* cause why the Greek character should not soon stand as high as that of the average of European nations. If they are trusted, they will trust and

act fairly; but they have been for so many centuries in a state of slavery, that they have become accustomed to use the arms of slaves,—fraud and cunning. Freedom is the best medicine for Greece, and they her best friends who will see that her liberties are not infringed; a constitution not bad in itself must be honestly carried out, and the nation must be led to feel at least so much confidence in their rulers, as to be sure that they will neither be pirates, robbers, nor swindlers. Late events have done much for this desirable object, and England is now really felt to be the sole protecting power of Greece. Most earnestly is it to be hoped, that faction at home will not reverse our policy abroad: an hour's tergiversation on our part will throw Greece back a quarter of a century.

The small separate nationalities of ancient Greece produced an intense feeling of rivalry, to which we probably owe much of their ancient artistic excellence. Each state desired to excel the rest in the magnificence of its temples and theatres, as well as in the beauty of its coinage and sculpture. This we shall hardly expect or

desire to see revived; for with it would be necessarily revived that fierce military jealousy, that sanguinary rivalry in arms as well as arts, which the Hellenic race denominated patriotism. A certain amount of centralization, sufficient to repress this latter evil, must in the same degree tend to prevent the former advantage. This was abundantly proved by the fact, that under Alexander, or rather after Alexander, Greek genius began to decline, and royal patronage was insufficient to excite the same spirit of emulation which had been kept up in the independent republics. It is scarcely possible to compare modern Greek art with the antique, for it can hardly be said as yet to have an existence, but when it does arise, it will in all probability vindicate its ancient fame.

Amidst the most glorious examples, and in a country where the impress of beauty is stamped on hill and valley, and sea and island, the love of the beautiful cannot be extinct; and who that looks on the classic form and the flashing eye of the modern Greek, can doubt his power to reproduce it? The poetry of the present day is not unworthy of the people who enjoy it. In paint-

ing, they promise well: I saw at Athens pictures by living artists, more than equal to any which the exhibitions of Genoa and Florence had to show. The new cathedral in the course of erection, and which is to be constructed entirely of Pentelican marble, will be a beautiful, as well as a magnificent structure; and the watchful care taken of every remnant of antiquity, is a token that the relics of ancient art will be turned to good account.

Of modern Greek music there is little to say; it has scarcely an existence; the few national airs (if national they be) are pleasing and plaintive, but Greece has no composer. With regard to their military skill, little opportunity has been given for its display, and it is to be hoped that none will arise to call it forth; but there seems no reason to doubt that if it should, they would be fully equal to the occasion. Of their valour we may without hesitation take their own account as a true one, and as they are to the full as boastful as any of the Homeric heroes, we shall be sure to rate it very high. However, it must be borne in mind, that a Greek knows not what shame is, and if he should think fit to run away, he will applaud

his own prowess in so doing quite as much as though he had stayed and gained a victory. Yet in their struggle against the Turks, feats of bravery equal to any recorded in the pages of classic history were of almost daily occurrence, and a new Thermopylæ would have excited no wonder. But these men, who when in the field would seem to be born fire-eaters, and to be so exclusively soldiers as to render any other occupation all but ridiculous, were capable of diligent and successful commercial exertions also.

Herein lies one of the most marked differences between the Greek and the Roman. The latter detested trade in all its branches; the sword was his sole implement, and if he condescended to cultivate the ground, it was as much as he would do. Stern, straightforward, and indomitably persevering, he gave way slowly to the amenities of art, or the elevation of science. He was a warrior, and he would be, perhaps could be, nothing else. Hence, when his iron will was brought into collision with that of the far more highly-gifted Greek, the latter went down finally and hopelessly.

Athens was a *free-trading* city, and modern

advocates of that doctrine must remember that they have in their favour the example of the most enlightened people in the ancient world. The city of Pallas Athene, was peculiarly situated; she *could* not be supplied from her own territories with the corn she required, and was obliged therefore to depend on Egypt and Asia; yet famines were rare, and when Athens fell, she fell not through want of corn, but because the changing conditions of the world no longer permitted so small a republic to retain so wide-spreading an authority.

The Greek hatred to the Turks blinds them to many most valuable and interesting features in the Ottoman character; the calm, quiet gravity, and good breeding of the Osmanli, is looked upon by the lively and versatile son of Hellas, as sullenness and pomposity; his sincere religious feeling is regarded as mere fanaticism, his high sense of honour is not unfrequently put down to the account of his stupidity, and his habitual truthfulness to want of invention. On the other hand, the Greek cannot help seeing his own intellectual superiority; and, rejoicing in his newly-acquired freedom, he talks and thinks of the Turks as

though they were beneath contempt. Then this ill-feeling is abundantly reciprocated. The Ottoman looks on the Greek as little more than a clever swindler, despises him for his want of veracity, regards his versatility as a vice, and noting the rosary in his hands, accuses him of an inability to keep his fingers still. Greek Christianity he looks on as no religion at all, and is moreover a little angry that his slave has escaped.

In the points then in which by nature and education he is best qualified, the Turk cannot instruct the Greek, or receive instruction from him in return. France and Russia have lost golden opportunities, as we have already seen; Austria is open to the same objection; and there remains only England to prepare the Hellenic race for the part it is to play in the world's great drama. England is at this time highly popular. Greece has been so long ruled with a rod of iron, that she has acquired a little orientalism of character on this point. Try to cajole her, as Russia, France, and Austria have done, and she will contend with your own weapons, and beat you in the end; lay a plain and intelligible state-

ment of truths before her, and tell her that political honour must be spotless, and that if the clear reason does not prevail, the strong hand shall; try, in fact, the Palmerstonian method,—and the national eye is opened at once. Approbation speedily follows, and a similar result is obtained to that which made the Spaniards exclaim of Don Fernando Septimo, *Caramba! es mucho rey!*

CHAPTER XIII.

ANTIQUITIES OF ATHENS—THE PARTHENON—PROPYLÆA—TEMPLE OF ERECTHEUS—CONSERVATION OF ANTIQUITIES—TEMPLE OF THESEUS—MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES—PNYX—LATER PNYX—MARS' HILL—CAVE OF SOCRATES—TEMPLE OF VENUS—CHURCH IN THE RUINS—CYCLOPEAN WALLS—ANECDOTE OF AN ACCOMPLISHED TRAVELLER—THEATRE OF ATTICUS—TEMPLE OF THE WINDS—CHORAGIC MONUMENTS—PILLARS AND TRIPODS—LORD BYRON—ARCH OF HADRIAN—TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS—ANECDOTE OF THE KING—SCATTERED RELICS.

It is needless to say that as soon as we were able to go abroad, we devoted ourselves to the antiquities of the most interesting city in the world. Every moment seemed lost till we had stood in the midst of Mars' Hill; spoken, if it were but to the desert air, from the Bema of Demosthenes, and gazed on the sea from the higher platform whence Themistocles addressed the assembled multitudes.

The antiquities of Athens! How much is there in the sound! It is suggestive of a whole life

employed in the pursuit—mornings in excavation, nights with Aristophanes, Pausanias, and Thucydides; and yet a recent traveller tells us that Athens can be *done* in a day! I felt that to do justice to the Parthenon alone would require many days. It is not 'at once' that the simple and yet severe beauties of that incomparable edifice strike the eye. It requires to be examined again and again—it is a part of a great whole, and the whole must be studied. The ridge of Parnes, the groves of Colonos, the mountain of Hymettus, the dark blue Ægean, with the island of Egina, the long walls, the ports of Phalerum and Piræus, the mass of the city below; all have to be wrought into the mental picture before the illusion can be complete and the city of Pallas starts into its ancient life. How "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue" is that sky! How clearly and sharply it is cut by those well-defined masses of Pentelican marble! Here and there it seems as though the chisel of the sculptor had been but just removed from the triglyph or metope; the fragments that strew the ground are fresh as when new, and the court before the front of the

Parthenon looks almost like the space before some unfinished building, with portions of the structure about to be placed in their permanent positions. And see, too, how every relic is valued! The access to the Acropolis is locked up, and no one enters without permission; the watchful conservators are ever on the spot, and no damage is allowed to be done. No more carving of names on Doric columns; no more immortality for vulgar patronymics on the robes of nymphs or the arms of caryatides; no more digging for hidden treasure except under the superintendence of Government; and though that superintendence has been sometimes very troublesome, it is still an improvement on the days when Lord Elgin brought away bassi-relievi by scores, and the Turks burnt the rest for lime!

It requires but little imagination to picture to the mind the whole as undergoing some process of alteration or repair, and to look with expectation for the triumphal procession to enter through the space between the Propylæa. The colossal statue of Pallas is indeed away, and the roof of the Temple is off; but a few weeks will suffice to

restore them both. Pericles is well disposed, and Phidias is about to replace the statue. What is that roll?—is it the plan of the architect? No; it is the *Globe* newspaper with its announcements of Bass's Pale Ale, Warren's Blacking, and Rowland's Kalydor! The dream is over, and we may depart!

The temple of Minerva Polias stands before me with its beautiful Caryatides, reproduced in the vestry of St. Pancras in the New Road. At the further end of the Acropolis is a museum, in which all small antiquities found in the enclosure are placed, and it is remarkable for the abundance of Etruscan vases and Egyptian idols which it contains, and the paucity of relics apparently Greek. The great intercourse of old between Greece and Egypt will account for the former of these circumstances, but not for the latter. But Athens is unfortunately situated for the discovery of antiquities; the modern city is considerably higher than the ancient one, and it is impossible to dig even a few feet without coming to relics of a very interesting character,—pillars, and fragments of pillars, inscriptions, cornices,

statues, monumental marbles, coins, and small figures of bronze. It would be really worth while to remove whole streets for the purpose of excavations; and I do not doubt that even in a commercial point of view the undertaking would be successful, if the excavators were men of science, and the Government would pledge itself not to interfere. As it is, when any antiquities are found, too large for secret removal, they are hastily covered up again, to avoid the vexatious meddling of the authorities. A few months ago, there was the pavement of a temple, as I was told, discovered with the bases of the columns remaining; but as soon as the "untoward" discovery was made, the earth was hastily shovelled in, and the matter hushed up.

The extent to which the level of the modern town has been raised may be seen by the position of the Temple of the Winds, which now stands in a kind of well, many feet below the surface of the soil around, all which is built over. At the depth of three or four feet we come to the debris of the Venetian and old Turkish Athens; a few feet deeper, and we find the remains of the city of

Pallas. On this account it has been with many a matter of regret that Athens was chosen as the seat of the Government. Patras, it is said, or Nauplia, would have been a better choice, and Athens might have been a great and solemn University. But on the other hand, there was the prestige in favour of Athens existing in the mind of the civilized world: it *is* well situated, and much healthier than the other towns named, one of which—viz. Corinth—would have been altogether ineligible, on account of the fevers produced by its low and marshy position. It is however to be regretted that modern Athens should be so built as to seal up, perhaps for ever, untold treasures of the ancient city. The members of the Archæological Society of Athens have done much in the way of excavation, where it was possible; they have laid open the great theatre of Herodes Atticus, and are working in the same direction on that side of the Acropolis with good effect.

The chief museum is in the temple of Theseus; it consists of a few statues, some Greek and some Egyptian, and one or two of which exhibit human ugliness in the most revolting form; of a consider-

able number of votive offerings, arms, legs, &c. of marble,—a collection, as I have before said, rather curious than pleasing; urns, sarcophagi, inscriptions, and a great many monumental tablets, many of which still retain the traces of colour. The polychromy of the ancients is only now beginning to be studied; and it is certain that colour was profusely applied by the Greeks, not only in their architecture, but even in their sculpture. The hair of the Venus de' Medici has been either painted or gilded, and the monumental tablets preserved in the Temple of Theseus afford many similar examples; where the person to whose memory the tablet is inscribed had died by violence or accident, and the fatal wound is represented, in most cases the crimson colour remains, and doubtless did exist in many instances whence time and friction have now removed it.

The ornamental parts of the architecture of the Parthenon show the application of the same art, and some have even said that the whole of the building was anciently painted yellow! The proofs offered in support of this astounding theory are, that the warm tint, which distinguishes the

temple, is greater or deeper in the shade than in the sun; that it can be scraped off, and the white marble shown underneath. It is argued, had this now beautiful golden hue been the natural effect of age, it would have been more decided in those parts exposed to the sun, and less so in those parts which are sheltered; and would not have been capable of removal by mere scraping.

But I think this supposition, so disgraceful to Attic taste, untenable; for, first, in those parts of the ornamental work where the red and blue colouring still remains, it is evident that the white portions are the untouched marble; secondly, in all the recent excavations, such as those which have cleared away the lower parts of the Temple of Minerva Polias, the marble is uncoloured; thirdly, that in the instances already noticed of colour being applied to marble, it seems rather that the marble was *stained* than that an opaque layer of pigment was laid on; fourthly, that the higher portions of the edifice, in which the colour of the marble is like that of fine deep-tinted ivory, do not exhibit this layer which can be scraped off; fifthly, that the hue of the marble,

where the scraping has taken place, is still like that of ivory; and, sixthly, that the building was for centuries in the hands of the Turks, who are the greatest white-washers and plasterers in the world. Now as they have covered over many exquisite mosaics with a layer of yellow wash, I should much rather attribute to them any plastering which may be found about the Parthenon, than refer it to the days of Pericles, and dignify it with the title of Polychromy. But on this topic there will doubtless be a variety of opinions, for Polychromy is a new subject, and will have many very staunch advocates; and probably not a few will declare that though the white-washing the Purbeck marble and Caen stone of a mediæval church is a horrid barbarism, when done by a country churchwarden, yet the covering with yellow-ochre the Doric pillars of an Athenian temple was an act of very fine taste if performed by an Attic artist.

We visited the Pnyx, both that from the Βῆμα of which Themistocles and his contemporaries harangued the multitudes, and from which the sea and the island of Salamis may be seen; and that

later one, where the enraptured people listened to the thunders of Demosthenes, and shouted their unanimous response,—"Away! let us march against Philip!" There is now no doubt as to the causes which led to the transfer of the popular assembly from the higher to the lower platform, but it strikes me that very little was gained by the removal. The speaker from the Bema of the higher and more ancient Pnyx, might behold the sea, and the scene of the great Athenian naval triumph, but, save the few persons above him and behind him, none else could see it; Salamis, and its surrounding waters were as much hidden from the audience by the ridge of the hill in the higher, as in the lower Pnyx. Thus, as in both cases it was the imagination of the auditors which was affected, and not their eyes, it is difficult to see why the removal should have been thought a change of so much consequence. It was probably rather with a view to the gradual dying away of those traditions of Attic liberty connected with the place itself, than on account of its situation, that the higher Pnyx was abandoned.

The Cyclopæan wall, which bounds the place of

assembly, is curious and interesting; but along one side of the Pnyx itself is what can hardly be called a ruin or an excavation, but which is in the highest degree curious and interesting. A platform of a considerable extent appears to have been hollowed out into innumerable cisterns, troughs, and canals, with here and there what has been called the socket of a pillar. At no great distance from the Cave of the Nymphs, it is watered, or has been watered, by the fountain sacred to those divinities. If the hollows thus described were cisterns, baths, and water-channels, and the conjecture be right that the sockets of columns are interspersed with the other relics, it would seem that the popular tradition, which denominates this site the Temple of Venus, may be perhaps correct. One would naturally expect a temple to the Goddess of Beauty in that place where, above all others, beauty was worshipped, and would even still more gladly locate it here.

Close to this rocky platform, on the outer side, stands a small church, surmounted by a lantern, through the windows of which the spectator, standing on the floor of the supposed temple,

can see into the church. As we looked down, we discerned a man making many prostrations at the door. At first I thought he was merely a devotee; but it afterwards appeared that he was insane, and that he frequently visited that particular church with this show of reverence. The church was dedicated to the Panagia, who in the modern mythology both of Greece and Rome takes the place at once of Pallas and Aphrodite, —combining the virgin purity of the first with the attractions of the second. The cave in which it is said, but with very little appearance of probability, that the fatal potion was administered to Socrates, claims a glance, as does also the monument erected by Philopappus to his royal father and grandfather.

But leaving these relics, however striking, with what deep and enduring interest do we turn to the Areopagus! How lingeringly does imagination rest with the group gathered on the summit of Mars' Hill, when the great Apostle of the Gentiles preached to the inquiring Athenians the Unknown God! The mission of Art, magnificent as were its objects, fades before the greater glory

of the mission of Truth; and in the ancient metropolis of intellect, the first dawning of pure truth beamed through the clouds of heathenism in the sublime words,—"Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." It was impressed with these feelings that, when I accepted the invitation of Mr. Hill to preach on the following Sunday at St. Paul's Church, I took for my subject the doctrine of Christian perfection, and for my text the words, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is heaven is perfect!"

The Choragic monument, formerly called the Lantern of Demosthenes, owes its existence at present to the antiquarian zeal of Mr. Hill, who at his own expense had it fastened together with iron clamps, or it would have fallen to pieces. It was in the garden of the Franciscan monastery, and was used by the monks as a summer-house. Lord Byron, when a resident with the fathers, made it his study. There is just room in it for a small chair and a very small table. The convent is now pulled down, the garden devastated, and this beautiful little specimen of Greek art

stands in a waste place. The old marble panels have been replaced between the pillars, and on one of these is still legible the name of BYRON,—the autograph of the great poet. This was but one, though perhaps the most beautiful, of many monuments of the same kind. Two pillars stand by the outer wall of the Acropolis, which have borne tripods; and a portion of the basement is still remaining on the top of the "Lantern," whereupon the ancient tripod was placed. And here I cannot help reciting an instance of geographical learning, such as in a visitor to Athens must have seemed unusual:

A gentleman resident in the city had a visit paid to him by a countryman, who was desirous of seeing what was to be seen with as little delay as possible. When on the summit of the Areopagus, "Here," said his host to the visitor, "did St. Paul preach to the Athenians."

"St. Paul!" exclaimed the guest, "how interesting: so St. Paul was here, was he? Well, now, St. Paul, I have heard, lived at Ephesus; I should not wonder if that place isn't somewhere near. Couldn't we drive over there some morning!"

The next day his hostess placed in his hand a small packet.

"Here," said she, "is a book which will perhaps be new to you, and it contains a good deal of information about St. Paul, and about Athens and Ephesus too."

The traveller was profuse in his acknowledgments, eagerly opened the packet, and found—"THE NEW TESTAMENT!"

Athens has many Roman antiquities, and it is, perhaps, among these that the temple of Jupiter Olympius should be ranked, for though begun by Peisistratus, it was finished by Hadrian, who was so delighted with his work that he called after his own name that quarter of Athens in which the temple was situated; and on each side of the arch of Hadrian is an inscription, one setting forth that the city towards which it looks is the Athens of Cecrops; and the other, that the portion to which it forms an entrance is the city of Hadrian. This emperor was a great lover of Greece, and a signal benefactor to Athens, and is on all accounts one of the most interesting characters of antiquity. In point of ability he was perhaps "the foremost man" of his time; but his profound wisdom led

him to repress his natural inclination for war, in which he would have greatly distinguished himself, and to decline enlarging the bounds of an empire already become unwieldy. The government of Rome, to which he conscientiously devoted himself, left him but little leisure either for philosophy or literature; and yet, had he been placed in a private station, he would probably have cultivated both with such success as to have ensured for himself an illustrious immortality. In one branch of learning he did indulge himself, and that was what is commonly called "occult science," in every ramification of which he was a profound believer.

But Hadrian was a man with two distinct sides to his character. In public so conscientious, so firm, and so wise, that he was no unworthy successor even to Trajan, and no unworthy predecessor even to Antoninus Pius: in private he was depraved beyond the blackness of ordinary depravity, and capable of cruelty beyond the reach of meaner intellects. He was a strange mixture of Greek and Roman elements, and, unhappily, with the evil parts of both characters awfully predomi-

nant. The temple in which he gloried is now but a fragment; seventeen pillars are standing, but these are of marvellous beauty. It is probable that the number will soon be diminished, for some are in a very insecure state; and when this fact was notified last summer to the king, his majesty was pleased to observe, "Then it will be well to have a board put up, to warn people of the danger!" And though we may feel inclined to laugh at this lame and impotent conclusion, yet what can be done? The Greek Government have no funds which they *can* apply to the purposes of restoration; they cannot even pay their debts, much less indulge in such expensive luxuries as that of restoring temples which took many centuries to build. Bavaria is liberal, but not rich, and can scarcely be expected to do much. Are then the designs once fondly entertained of showing to the world what Athens was, to be relinquished? I trust not. A recent traveller has rightly observed, that Athens may be the capital city of King Otho, but it *belongs* to the whole civilized world, and a world-wide subscription should be set on foot to do that which Greece herself is will-

ing, but not able to do. America would liberally contribute; Russia would not be wanting; and more would be done for Greece by the restoration of her artistic glories than by the promulgation of a dozen constitutions for which she is not prepared, and which would be, like the present, violated every day.

It is curious and interesting to see the number of sculptured and architectural relics scattered about the city: in many houses they are built into the walls,—perhaps as good a way of preserving them as possible: thus I noticed many adorning the dwellings of Sir Richard Church, Mr. Finlay, and others. The grove where Plato taught is at a short distance from the city, and there is a farm-house built on part of it, with many exquisite remains of antiquity about it. Who could walk in a place so consecrated without having his thoughts and feelings elevated? How powerfully under such circumstances does the *unity* of truth strike the mind; "for what, indeed," asks a celebrated writer, "was Plato, but Moses atticizing?" The "*Timæus*" contains a grand commentary on the awful name of Jehovah, I AM THAT I AM.

Well would it be for the philosophers of our own day, if the trusting, loving, believing, spirit of Plato were more diffused among them. St. John is the Christian Plato, and gives us clearly that which the Athenian sage saw dimly and afar off.

CHAPTER XIV.

EDUCATION IN ATHENS—SCHOOLS OF MR. AND MRS. HILL—OTHER SCHOOLS—UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS—ITS LIBRARY AND LIBRARIAN—COURSE OF STUDY—PUBLIC READING-ROOM—FAULT OF THE UNIVERSITY CONSTITUTION—GREEK PRESS—CHURCH IN GREECE—BYZANTINE EDIFICES—CURIOUS MOSAIC OR PATCHWORK CHURCHES—LIBERALITY OF THE HIGHER CLERGY—TRACTARIANS AT ATHENS—ROMAN CATHOLICS—PROSPECTS OF GREEK LITERATURE.

EDUCATION in Greece is making astonishing progress. There is, as I have already observed, no part of Europe where there is such a hungering and thirsting after knowledge; and it is a proud thing for Athens to say, that she has a larger proportion of her rising generation under competent instruction than any other city in the civilized world. This she owes much to the almost unaided exertions of two most devoted servants of God, the Reverend John H. Hill and his excellent lady. One of the first, I believe, the *first* house inhabited in Athens after the war of independence was over,

was occupied by Mr. Hill; and from that time, with untiring assiduity, both he and his wife have given themselves up to the cause of scriptural education. At present their schools contain upwards of four hundred children; and the bright example thus set has been followed by others. The Athenian children are apt to learn, and quick to remember; and the next generation bids fair to be morally and spiritually a far superior one to the present. When the glories of man are weighed in the balance of heaven, how brilliant will be the crown of those who have thus so greatly benefited a whole race, and taught effectually a higher and serener wisdom than that embodied in Pallas Athene of old.

It would naturally be expected, that if an university were fixed in any place, it should be where Socrates and Plato taught of yore; and an attempt has been made, not altogether unsuccessful, considering its very limited and elementary character, to found such an institution. The building erected for the purpose is classic and imposing, and is adorned with colour, in imitation of the Parthenon. It is well provided with lecture and class-rooms,

and is partially devoted to the reception of the national library, now consisting of forty thousand volumes. The existence of this satisfactory collection is owing to the zeal and exertions of M. Typaldo, the librarian, who may, without exaggeration, be said to have *created* it. He began with about one hundred volumes, and has been unrelaxing in his exertions, till he has made it what it is. And here I must say a word in praise of the Greek Government: if they have been unable to help, they have not hindered; they have given their entire confidence to M. Typaldo, and have acquiesced willingly in all his plans. He has all along acted for the small salary of about 150*l.* per annum, with as much zeal as though he had received thousands; and, being a man of fortune, he was enabled to devote himself to the literary service of his country. The library is open for six hours a-day, and either M. Typaldo himself, or a competent substitute, is always on the spot. Of M. Typaldo's literary labours, especially in the oriental department, it is unnecessary for me to speak; he has already an European reputation.

I have spoken of the university as incomplete,

and so it is. Its founders have forgotten the advantages of their position. They should have taken a higher rank for their institution than they have done; and instead of regarding it simply as a kind of high-school for a young country, they should have made it a source of honour for all learned bodies, and all civilized nations. By a liberal and yet chary bestowal of their diploma, they should have linked with them all the chiefs of literature and science; more especially those to whom classical learning is so much indebted.

Among the many good effects which would have flowed from a step like this, one would be, that no work of importance, no discovery of interest, no theory of originality would have appeared but it would have been immediately communicated to Athens. Whatever city, or body, or library were forgotten, the ancient capital of learning would not. It would have been in their power, with a few strokes of the pen, to have well repaid all the assistance they might receive, and to have interested all enlightened minds in the advancement of the Greek nation, as well as of the Greek university. But they have overlooked the splendid

opportunities of their position, and have tied down their university to granting certificates to those few who have gone, *at Athens itself*, through the moderate *curriculum* required. I had the pleasure of several conversations with M. Typaldo himself, and other men of learning in Greece, and found them quite willing to allow the justice of my observations, but fearing that the suspicious temper of the Greek mind would not easily be brought to see the benefits derivable from so enlarged an academic policy. I have since then spoken on the same subject to M. Tricoupi, the present Greek minister at our Court, and had much satisfaction in finding that his opinions agreed with my own.

The reading-room is well used, and by all classes of persons, a proof that the taste for learning is diffused, for I found that the books most in requisition were works of solid information; the readers come to be instructed rather than to be amused.

There are booksellers in Athens, but from what I observed I do not think that the *sale* of books is great, and certainly there are not many printed in the language of the country. The taste of the

day among the higher classes is in favour of French literature, and of the few books in modern Greek which do make their appearance, a large portion are translations from the French.

I have often thought that the French character assimilated very closely to the better points of the Greek, and where the genius of the French language will permit, there is a great similarity between their literature also. No one save Molière could have so transfused the spirit of Aristophanes into a modern composition as may be seen in his comedies. Even where subject, scene and plot are Roman, and palpably borrowed from Plautus, the informing spirit is Attic. There is a clearness, too, a *lucidus ordo* in all the French classic writers, which comes home powerfully to the Greek mind. They dislike mist; it is alike foreign to their mental and physical climate, and with them shallowness if it sparkles is preferable to profundity if it be at all turbid. Hence it is that they do not affect German writers; blind to their merits, the Greek reader has a most vivid appreciation of their defects, and the Teutonic language is as disagreeable to his ears, as the

Teutonic philosophy is to his understanding. This has a further effect. It was well said in our own Church, that the use of a Genevan phraseology in religious matters soon induced an acceptance of Genevan doctrine; and in like manner the doctrines of "*young France*" are being rapidly disseminated through young Greece, and all the more readily from the mental sympathies above noticed. It will be well for Greece if the great and noble qualities of the French people take root there, but at present it is only the worst parts of the literature and character of France which they are so assiduously cultivating. To rectify this evil effect we must look to an enlarged education, and to a *gradual* advance in political freedom.

There are in Athens several newspapers published, one or two daily, some three times a-week, and all seem to have a tolerable circulation. They are conducted with much ability, but so far as I could discern, with not more integrity than some illustrious examples among ourselves. Factious and insolent, they add much to the difficulties of Government, and do not scruple to use the national faculty of invention to a remarkable extent. Their

power over public opinion will decrease as education advances. At present they resemble some of the less creditable American publications, and are as susceptible of "*influence.*" The right understanding of the recent claims made on the Greek Government by our own, was greatly retarded by the misrepresentations of the "Elpis," and the credit of that paper suffered accordingly when the truth became known.

I have already spoken, though briefly, of the Greek Church. The ancient toleration exhibited by the Athenian people has not entirely forsaken them, even in the present day. As they said of old to the Apostle, "We will hear thee again of this matter," so they say now. They are an inquiring people, and investigate before they decide. Perhaps this feeling may be a little aided by the fact that the royal family are members of the Church of Rome, and that England, the most important to Greece of the protecting powers, is Protestant. France, again, has few sympathies with the Greek Church. Russia wishes to make Greece a province of her own ecclesiastical establishment, and the other European powers claim

freedom and toleration for their subjects. Our own minister, Mr. Wyse, is a Roman Catholic, but he displays his practical wisdom by his steady and unvarying support of all the benevolent operations of Mr. Hill—as staunch and unflinching a Protestant as ever spoke in Exeter Hall, though endowed with more prudence than is sometimes manifested in that far-famed theological Pnyx.

All these circumstances together tend to encourage the natural disposition of the Athenian people to religious freedom, and it must be added, too, that the clergy of the higher ranks are far too acute not to see the weak points of their own communion. Many of them earnestly desire a reform both in doctrine and discipline, and would willingly take the counsel and aid of England.

Some time ago, certain Tractarian clergymen visited Athens, and, finding a little idolatry going on, were naturally attracted to the congenial element. They adopted some Greek mummeries, attended the Greek service, and talked of fraternizing with the Greek priests. These last were at first delighted, but soon they found that their would-be allies overdid the thing; that, in fact, it

was not the distinctive doctrines, but the half Pagan ceremonies of the Greek communion that had influenced them—and oh! sad to say, that they were quite as devoted to the Roman as to the Constantinopolitan ritual. The Bishop of Athens said to a friend of mine, with tears in his eyes, (and the same feeling was expressed by many other of the more educated among the Athenian clergy,) "that it was all but incomprehensible to him, how men belonging to a church at once pure and apostolical, should be anxious to load themselves with the absurdities of an obsolete ceremonial, while they who felt the burden were so anxious to shake it off!" If circumstances should arise to favour this desire,—and many signs of the times point towards them,—we shall have the happiness to see Athens the centre of a pure and enlightened system of Christianity, and the blessing would be extended wherever the Greek language is spoken and the Greek race found.

The churches at Athens are remarkable; they are small Byzantine buildings, some of them adapted only for about fifty worshippers, but they are constructed out of the relics of all ages. One

close to Mr. Wyse's residence was a perfect curiosity in this respect: there was scarcely a period, from that of Pericles to that of the revolutionary war, which had not furnished its representative stones. The cathedral—that is, the old cathedral—exhibited a considerable portion of the Dionysiac procession, interspersed with Greek crosses, classical inscriptions, Corinthian cornices, and Ionic pediments, all cleverly built into the wall so as to form a sort of Mosaic or patchwork order of architecture. The interior of these churches matches the exterior; but as they are only opened on saints' days and Sundays, it is necessary to watch one's opportunity to see the inside.

The small size of these buildings is calculated to give some idea of what the plan of the Greek worship originally was. Great churches might be founded to display the magnificence of princes, but the more ordinary structure indicated an approach to family prayer. A few worshippers gathered together, perhaps two or three, in the name of ONE who had promised "to be in the midst of them;" the sermon or homily was an exceptional proceeding; and thus the Greek Church took a peculiarly liturgical form, and

laid aside, or flung into the background, that ordinance which in the Gospel scheme occupies the most prominent place. St. Paul thanks God that he was sent "not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel;" and wherever the contrary spirit prevails,—wherever preaching is affected to be despised, there will the sacraments be put in the place of the Saviour.

The contrast between the Greek Church, as we have seen it at Zante, and the same Church as it exists in the metropolis of the Greek kingdom, is very remarkable, and shows perhaps more than anything else can do, the importance of supporting and advancing the educational interests of Greece. As yet we know not whether the time has arrived for a Luther or a Ridley to be raised up in the Greek Communion; but certain it is that a rational and evangelical reformer, well supported by the State, would soon work wonders in the Church; and hence it is perhaps an advantage that the throne of Greece is occupied by one not a member of her Church, and that the prevailing tendency of Greek literature is at all events opposed to superstition.

CHAPTER XV.

DISPUTES BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND GREEK GOVERNMENT—CERVI AND SAPIENZA—CASE OF THE FANTÔME—TREATMENT OF IONIAN SUBJECTS—CASE OF MR. FINLAY—CASE OF M. PACIFICO—CONDUCT OF GREEK MINISTERS—M. PISCATORY—PROJECTED LOAN FROM M. ROTHSCHILD—RUSSIAN INTRIGUES—DETERMINATION OF MR. WYSE—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MR. WYSE AND LORD PALMERSTON—ARBITRATION—M. GROS—M. DROUYN DE LHUYS—BLOCKADE BY ADMIRAL PARKER—CONDUCT OF THE GREEK PRESS—OPINIONS OF THE GREEK PEOPLE—RESULT OF THE BLOCKADE.

FOR many years past there has been an interruption of that cordial understanding which ought ever to have existed between Greece and the chief of her liberators. I have heard it again and again admitted by intelligent Greeks, that it was to England, and England only, they owed their independence. English sympathy gave them strength and sanction. English capital relieved again and again their distresses. Byron did more for Greece than most Englishmen know. It is to

this day an English commander who is at once the noblest and the most able in the Hellenic army—Sir Richard Church; Mr. and Mrs. Hill have done more for the moral, intellectual, and spiritual well-being of Athens than any two persons have ever done for any place since the days of the Apostles; and finally, had it not been for the late Sir Edward Codrington, where would Greece have been at this day?

Neither the French nor the Russian admiral was a match for Ibrahim Pacha, and had the victory turned the other way, then indeed would there have been—

"A sound of wailing through all Hellas heard."

Ibrahim knew not how to spare, and it was well for the Greek subjects of the Porte that the battle of Navarino proved so entire a destruction of the Ottoman navy. Now, although gratitude is not, and indeed never was, an Hellenic virtue, yet these were benefits not to be easily forgotten, and the Greek mind was favourably impressed towards England, even when behaving to her as we sometimes see pert snappish little dogs do towards great

brothers of the Newfoundland race. They knew well that Russia only aided them so far as by so doing the Porte might be disabled, and with a view to future insults and vexations for the Ottoman sultans. They knew that Athens was in the Russian scheme merely a hot-bed of intrigue and faction; that France desired to make Greece nominally free, but in reality a French colony; that Bavaria and the other powers looked to the crown of the new kingdom; and that England alone, long allied with Turkey, who had much to lose and little to gain, was the sole disinterested, and the sole *effective* party to Greek independence. They knew that had the counsels of England been taken, they would have had a real, and not a sham constitution; and hence, with all their fickleness, and all their ancient and proverbial ingratitude, they clung to England, and owned the wholesome effect of English influence.

But the Greek Government and the Greek people were at odds on this subject; what the people wanted was one thing, what the government wanted was another, and diplomatic intrigues soon caused a coolness between one

protecting power, which sought the freedom of the protected people, and a cabinet which, with the support of the other protecting powers, was labouring after absolutism. This coolness soon gave place to more open alienation, and grievances of no common character arose, which required imperatively at the hands of the Greek Cabinet ample redress.

So interesting is the whole question, when rightly understood,—so full of practical lessons to all future diplomatists, that I shall give here the outlines of the history, as I gathered it from persons of various opinions at Athens, comparing their statements with the published documents. The grounds of the complaints made by England were as follow:

First, that the Greek Government had occupied the islands of Cervi and Sapienza, which belonged to the Septinsular republic.

Secondly, that a just claim, made by a British subject, Mr. Finlay, for ground belonging to him, and taken into the royal gardens, had not been satisfied.

Thirdly, that an attack had been made on the

house and family of a M. Pacifico, likewise a British subject, and that no compensation had been made to him for his losses and sufferings.

Fourthly, that an insult had been offered to the British flag, by certain Greek authorities at Patras, in seizing, and imprisoning without cause, a boat's crew beloging to Her Majesty's ship Fantôme; and,

Fifthly, that certain Ionians, British subjects, had been robbed, imprisoned, and *tortured* by Greek officers.

These subjects of complaint had been brought year after year before the notice of the Greek Government, and the proceedings of the Cabinet translated into plain English will appear to be somewhat as follows. They argued: "England will not press these claims; the English Foreign Office did for many years systematically neglect the interests of British subjects when the enforcement of them was distasteful to foreign governments. We have been politically educated in this doctrine, and the present British Minister for Foreign Affairs will not like to embroil his cabinet by acting otherwise: if England should make any powerful demonstrations, we will take

refuge in our weakness, and cry out about the ungenerous policy of coercing a feeble power. Then, again, we know not how far France, and Austria, and Russia, may help us;—so far as the matter is confined to claims and protocols, and correspondence, we know they will,—should it come to anything more serious, we shall see; meanwhile, we must temporize."

Accordingly, to every renewal of the demand made by Sir Edmund Lyons, or any of the parties aggrieved, an answer was returned that his Hellenic Majesty's Government would take the matter into their serious consideration,—a form repeated till it became an obvious insult.

We shall now give a brief outline of these causes of complaint. First, as to the islands of Cervi and Sapienza; this matter has been explained in another chapter, and nothing more need be said about it now. Secondly comes the claim of Mr. Finlay. This gentleman had been a resident in Greece for many years; he possessed some land at Athens, and when the government of the new state was finally fixed there, a portion of this land was taken for the royal gardens. As

this ground was occupied by the builders and others in such a way as to make it perfectly useless to Mr. Finlay, he had no option whether to sell it or not, and was uniformly told that his land would be fairly valued, and paid for. The Hellenic Cabinet was however in no hurry to do this, and after again and again attempting to fix their own value, and reducing it to less than one half of its just price, Mr. Finlay was compelled to have recourse to a court of law. The delays which attended these proceedings were most vexatious, and at last the court decided that the whole act was an act of the king, and that the government had nothing to do with it. The Royal Commissioners were now placed in the position formerly occupied by the Cabinet, and all the steps of the case had to be gone over again. When it became evident that nothing would be done to remunerate Mr. Finlay, it was agreed that the settlement of his claim should be made a national matter; and accordingly a fair estimate of money due, and interest, was made out, and, thanks to Sir William Parker, paid!

The next claim, and in many respects the most

important, was that of the Chevalier D. Pacifico; and there was perhaps never a case so ill understood, and so much misrepresented in England, as this. The Anti-Palmerston cabal took it up to make a pet political engine of;—they distorted all the facts,—caricatured all the persons interested, and played alternately into the hands of all the foreign powers concerned. The facts of the case are, however, simple: David Pacifico was a Jew of Portuguese extraction, but born at Gibraltar, and whose father was a native of England; thus he was by birth a British subject, nor does he appear to have done anything to forfeit this claim. With his earlier life we have nothing to do; many statements were made by the Greek newspapers about his former pursuits, which he himself indignantly denied. He exercised for some time the office of Consul General in Greece, having been previously appointed to the same office in Morocco, but failing to obtain it, he accepted the Greek consulship as a compensation.

It was resolved, in 1842, by the Portuguese Government, that consuls of that nation should receive no salary; and as there was no Portuguese

trade in Greece, the office became a mere sinecure, and one which M. Pacifico resigned as not worth his retaining. As he had received no remuneration during the years in which a stipend was allowed, there arose a claim on the part of M. Pacifico against the Portuguese Government, and documents which substantiated *other* debts due to him from the same quarter were, as he stated, in his possession.

He seems to have principally occupied himself, from the time of his resigning the Portuguese consulship, and perhaps before, as a professed money-lender; and this he gives as his avowed business in a statement presented in April, 1850, to Mr. Wyse. In this capacity it would appear that he made the acquaintance of a considerable portion of the younger Greek nobility, and obtained an unfavourable reputation, or at least excited an unfavourable feeling among them. However this may be, the speculative mind of the Chevalier (for he was decorated with the order of the Tower and Sword) discerned an advantage to be gained by negotiating a loan on behalf of the Greek cabinet with M. Rothschild, and one

portion of the money so obtained was destined to the liquidation of the English debt. Could this have been managed, it is difficult to say what the results would have been. The debt to England is a clog round the legs of the cabinet, and has restrained them from more than one act which would not have tended to their credit; but Providence ordered otherwise. M. Rothschild was about to pay a visit to Athens, and had timed his coming at Easter, an unfortunate period for a Jew, inasmuch as at that season there are certain processions of a semi-religious nature, greatly delighted in by the *dēmos*, and which would be anything rather than gratifying to the feelings of a Jew.

The Chevalier Pacifico saw clearly enough that the mind of the great financier would be unfavourably affected towards a people who amused themselves in so objectionable a manner, and he endeavoured to persuade the Home Minister to use force to stop the customary demonstrations. He succeeded so far as to obtain an edict forbidding the usual processions; but both minister and money-lender were reckoning without their host. The *dēmos* made light of the proclamation, carried

out the Easter saturnalia with even more than the customary licence, and finished by an attack on the house of the *ci-devant* Portuguese consul.

It was shrewdly suspected that there were many young men of high lineage, in Athens who would gladly have seen Pacifico's strong-box in a blaze, and among the crowd, and inciting them to deeds of greater violence, were seen the two sons of Zavellas, the Minister of War! All this was witnessed by Pacifico himself from a house in which he had taken refuge, opposite to his own, and he was able to swear to a certain casket which he had seen carried off by these hopeful young gentlemen.

But while he was attempting to obtain redress for one outrage, another was perpetrated. His own words are, "To-day, (October 12,) at one o'clock in the afternoon, the sons of the Minister Zavellas, of Janni Costa, and of Vastili Rocca, who figured conspicuously on the occasion of the pillage of my house on the 4th of April last, broke open the door of my dwelling, and, armed with bows and arrows, pursued my wife and daughter, and caused them such a fright that * * * * and it is to be feared that the young woman may

die in consequence of it. On hearing the terrified shrieks of the women and children, and the savage shouts of the assailants, one Jamgy, master of the neighbouring khan, rushed in; the assailants fled at his approach, and flung stones from the outside, and had it not been for the courage of the worthy Jamgy, who pursued the aggressors and obliged them to make their escape, I know not what might have happened to my wife, who is now in convulsions, nor to my daughters, one of whom is in danger of death." This is an extract from a letter to Sir Edmund Lyons.

When this persecuted man made application for redress, he was told, first, that the Government could not punish a mob: but if he would identify any persons who had robbed him, then justice should be done. He named the two sons of the minister.

"Ah!" replied the Greek authorities, "you see, there was a mob, and it is impossible to make a mob replace the property they may have destroyed. You know, *you* were the cause of the disturbance; it was by our following your advice that the riot took place; you therefore should put

up with your loss, as we put up with ours. We lose the great benefit of a loan from the house of Rothschild; you lose some furniture and papers, but not so much as you say."

"Well, but," said M. Pacifico, "will you not punish the young men who can be identified as ringleaders?"

"Well, really, now, there is a great difficulty about that. The whole populace was concerned, and we cannot punish one without punishing all. Do be quiet."

But it was in vain to tell him to be quiet. He appealed to Portuguese and to Spanish authority, on the ground of having been employed, and as he said, respected by the Governments of both those nations, and he pertinaciously insisted on the claim to redress from that of Greece. It was quite clear that he would not sit down contented under a loss like that which had been inflicted on him. The Greek cabinet now began to act Hellenically; they showed that the Chevalier was neither a Spaniard nor a Portuguese; they circulated reports to the prejudice of his character; they asserted that the damage done to his house

and property was trifling; that he could not have lost much, for he had not much to lose, having been engaged in collecting subscriptions for his family just before the riot broke out; that in particular he had received a sum of money from the Duchess de Plaisance; that he had made a fraudulent bankruptcy in Constantinople; and, finally, that he was a Jew! Pacifico now appealed to English protection, claimed and substantiated British nationality; showed that he had never been a bankrupt at all; that he had never been in any part of Turkey; that the subscriptions which he had collected were to build a synagogue; that the Duchess de Plaisance had never given him a single lepta. He produced witnesses as to the value of his furniture and property; showed that he resided in a house formerly occupied by one of the ministry, a fact inconsistent with his pretended poverty;* while, on the other hand, he admitted that he was a Jew! and the less creditable circumstance, that he had turned his

* The proofs of Pacifico's allegations are to be found among the documents published by order of government, and presented to Parliament in February, 1850.

son out of doors, and that *he* had been relieved by the Duchess de Plaisance.

Among the claims he made was one for the destruction of certain documents which substantiated debts due to him from the Portuguese Government, principally for muskets and ammunition supplied from Gibraltar to the Queen's party. All these claims the Greek Government attempted to set aside, and probably imagined that they would tire out Pacifico into resignation.

When the matter was taken up by the British minister, there was always an answer cut and dry to every fresh application: "That his Hellenic Majesty's Government would take the matter into their serious consideration." So stood affairs until the time of the blockade.

The fourth ground of complaint will require no further explanation.

Fifthly, we come to a series of insults and injuries offered to Ionian, and therefore British, subjects. It appears that certain Ionians, on All Saints' Day, 1847, had hoisted English colours above a tent which belonged to them, together with those of Greece and the Ionian republic; that the English

and Ionian flags were torn down, and the Ionians who hoisted them seized and imprisoned by a serjeant of police; that the thumb-screw was applied, and manacles beside; and with the thumb-screws still on, these British subjects were openly promenaded through the principal streets of the town to the common jail. This proceeding was therefore at the same time an insult to England and an injury to the Ionians in question.

But a still worse case of oppression remains behind. An Ionian was taken up at Patras, charged with having committed a theft. In order to make him confess,—no evidence appearing against him,—he was subjected to the torture. Mr. Crowe, the English consul at Patras, states, that "stones of immense size were laid on his chest, while some of the police assistants jumped on them, and beat him with large sticks. Other modes of torture *too horrible to mention** were

* This statement was confirmed by other depositions, and finally admitted by the government. The kind of torture cannot be described; but the wretched prisoner called it "torture after the manner of Ali Pacha." Medical, consular, and independent certificates of all these atrocities were laid before Parliament by Her Majesty's command in February 1850.

also employed, and the agony the miserable man endured produced a high degree of fever, in which state he was thrown into prison, where he remained many hours without refreshment or medical assistance. When at length it was thought necessary to call in the medical officer, and bleeding and leeches were prescribed, the unfortunate prisoner was unable to follow the advice, having no money to purchase the means of relief." His companion, a Greek, was subjected to the same treatment; and here it may be as well to note that torture seems to have been, and indeed still to be, summarily applied by the Greek police authorities.

Sir Edmund Lyons states, that a senator of his acquaintance knew three cases of torture. A letter addressed to the Senator Paximedi, by a sufferer, states, that it was employed to coerce voters at elections! "This very day, three men who had been punished, applied to the doctor. These are their names: Photius Thouranio, Basilio Scauro, and Andrei Heliopoulo. From the nails of one blood was flowing, the second spat blood, and the lips of the third were torn on both sides.

The gendarmes inflict the most cruel tortures with impunity!" Soldiers were quartered on the villagers, till they requested leave to emigrate. Panas, to whose tender mercies the district was given up, treated the country as a conquered province. One person, who made his escape from the custody of the gendarmerie, appealed to the procurator of the king at Patras, and stated a case of one Foti Courahami, hung up by the mouth, to extract from him a confession of theft. These, then, were the habitual proceedings of the government *employés*, and it became necessary to protect the Ionians from such treatment; and here it may be observed, that Russia, France, and Austria, had no similar grounds of complaint; an Englishman, a Russian, an Austrian, or a Frenchman, would have been secure from tortures, ruthlessly inflicted alike on Greeks and Ionians; but though not English, these last are British subjects, and as fully entitled to British protection, as though they had been natives of our own capital. It is difficult to believe, but it is nevertheless true, that a party was found in the British houses of parliament, to excuse and defend the

Greek Government in these proceedings, and absolutely to attempt a vote of censure (happily reversed by the good sense and good feeling of the country,) on the minister, who had indignantly protested against, and effectually repressed tyranny so atrocious, exercised on subjects of our own empire.

A grave and formal demand for redress was laid by Mr. Wyse before the Hellenic cabinet. A small sum, only 20*l.*, was claimed for the Ionian, Stellio Summachi, who had been so cruelly tortured; compensation was insisted on for the Ionian boatmen, who had been plundered by men wearing the Greek uniform; a fair payment was required for Mr. Finlay's land; and with regard to M. Pacifico, a course at once just and dignified was pursued. It was obviously fair that he should be reimbursed for the loss of his furniture, the damage done to his house, and for those valuables which were known to have been in his possession before the riot. It was equally obvious that money placed in his hands by other persons, for the benefit of the distressed Jews, or for the building of a synagogue, must be replaced. No objection could be made to some moderate and reason-

able compensation for the sufferings of himself and family, and these were therefore demanded as unquestionable rights from the Greek Government.

With regard to any claims on the Portuguese Cabinet, Lord Palmerston rightly observed, that these must be divided into three classes,—those which that government absolutely denied, those which they admitted and those which, independently of their admission, or denial, were capable of proof. When this division had been made, there remained another question to be considered; viz., how much M. Pacifico was likely to have obtained from Portugal, if his papers had been preserved; for there was one great similarity betweeen the Cabinet of that country, and the Cabinet of Greece—neither was likely to pay willingly, or readily, even the best-founded claims. According to these principles the demand on the Greek Government was made out, and Mr. Wyse was instructed to say, that Great Britain would be no longer trifled with. The patience, courtesy, and forbearance of this gentleman, under every civil insult that could be devised, deserve the greatest

praise, and prove him to have been in the highest degree qualified for his difficult and delicate position. Unsupported by any of the diplomatic body, inundated by embarrassing notes from them all, threatened in no obscure way with the responsibilities of war, Mr. Wyse avoided all cause of offence, steadily maintained the rights of British subjects, and had the satisfaction not only to defeat all the intrigues of France, Russia, Austria, and Bavaria, but amply to justify himself and his country in the eyes of the Greek public.

At no time since the liberation of Greece has England maintained a stronger hold on the confidence and the respect of the people than at the present moment, and at no time has there existed so good an understanding among the diplomatic body at Athens, as since it has been proved that neither cajolery nor intimidation can affect a British minister. For some time after the presentation of the English ultimatum, the Cabinet at Athens continued to dally with the question, until at length, obliged to give some reply, they refused redress: they did not in plain terms declare that they would not make any compensa-

tion in the cases brought under their notice, but they took steps which proved their intention to resist to the uttermost the fair and moderate demands made by England. Sir William Parker was now called in, and the Greek ports were blockaded. At so decided a measure as this, the king's ministry began to feel a little alarm, but still trusted to the powers which distinguished Ulysses of old, and the aid of the diplomatic body. They promised, and broke their promises: engaged, and re-engaged; and when no further chicanery could be attempted, and the chance of support from foreign courts was shown to be *nil*, then the pecuniary demands were paid, and the insult offered to the British flag, amply atoned for.

CHAPTER XVI.

GREEK CONSTITUTION—ELECTIONS—HOME GOVERNMENT—THE SENATE—THE KING AND QUEEN—SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE—GENERAL STATE OF THE COUNTRY—ROADS—SECURITY FOR LIFE AND PROPERTY—ARMY AND NAVAL FORCE—CUSTOMS AND HABITS OF THE PEOPLE—DRESS—AMUSEMENTS—RELATIONS WITH TURKEY, RUSSIA, AND ENGLAND—TRUE POLICY OF GREECE.

WHEN King Otho was placed on the throne of Greece, it was with the distinct understanding that the country was to be constitutionally governed. It was deemed a matter of vital moment, that in a new state but just added to the list of nations, the representative principle should be adopted, and no additional support given to the cause of despotism. Viewed theoretically, there can be no doubt that this decision was a right one; but practically there were some difficulties, arising out of the peculiar situation of the country, which much embarrassed those who were to carry it into execution. Greece had for ages been in a

state of slavery, and the popular mind had suffered the usual effect of such a state. Accustomed to regard their rulers as tyrants, and mighty tyrants, the Greeks had fallen into the habit of cunningly evading obedience, as far as possible, and had taken up the invariable arms of the slave,—fraud and duplicity. Their long and ultimately successful resistance had much raised the Hellenic character, but it was obvious, that when a sovereign not chosen by themselves, an alien in blood and religion, was placed over them, and that by powers too great for them to resist, they would be but too apt to regard themselves as having only changed masters, and feel inclined to take every advantage of having more merciful lords to deal with.

There were two ways in which this difficulty might have been met. One would have been to have organized Greece as a republic—under protection like that of the Seven Islands, in which case the protecting powers might have established a Court of High Commission, consisting of a commissioner from each power, and then the subordinate authorities might have been chosen mainly

from among the natives. This plan would, however, have been fraught with danger to the peace of Europe, and though it might have suited the condition of Greece, it would have too probably occasioned continual jealousies and bickerings among the protectors of the Republic.

Another, and, for the present, a wiser plan would have been to vest the entire power in the sovereign, on condition, that at certain intervals the elements of constitutional government should be introduced. Then it would have been necessary to say to the Greeks—"We have admitted you to *independence*; you are now a separate and a Christian state; and we have done this with the full intention of educating you step by step for constitutionalism; and at each step as you arrive at it, further advances will be made towards the establishment of the representative principle." It would then have been the duty of the protecting powers to see that the sovereign authority was wisely exercised, and that the material interests of the country were promoted, and as the popular mind became prepared for the changes—first, trial by jury, then a senate, then a house of represen-

tatives might have been admitted with a restricted franchise, in which, at first, the ministry might have had seats by virtue of office; then the franchise might have been gradually extended coincidentally with the advance of education, and at last, the ministers themselves might be made dependent for their seats on popular suffrage.

Had a plan like this been adopted, the national mind and the national institutions would have grown up together, and the solecism would have been avoided of laying the responsibilities of a liberal constitution on a people but just emerged from slavery. It may be said that such a scheme would have rendered necessary a great deal of interference on the part of the protecting powers; but surely not more than was really exercised. Lord Aberdeen interfered in the most dictatorial manner in the internal arrangements of the kingdom, and sent messages to the king about his changes of ministry,* and even changes not ministerial, which, had he ventured to send to France or Russia, would have placed him on the horns of a most disagreeable dilemma—

* See Appendix at the end of Vol. III.

either war or apology. But "Greece was a weak power, and might be insulted with impunity!" In subsequent times, when Lord Palmerston demanded redress for gross injuries to British subjects, the very party who had so unwarrantably interfered with the *internal* affairs of Greece cried out about the ungenerous policy of coercing a feeble state, and the mischief likely to arise from an *interfering cabinet!* In fact, *now,* however much Greece might be benefited by it, we have no right to interfere, save to protect our own subjects: they must manage their home affairs in their own way: we shall presently see how they do manage them.

A friend of M. Piscatory (for I will take evidence only on the anti-British side,) admits: 1. That the elections, so far from being the spontaneous act of the people, were the work of troops sent to overawe the people in all those districts where there was any probability of an anti-ministerial candidate being returned. "I say nothing," observes this writer, "of violences exercised towards the voters; of agents armed with bludgeons, who surround the polling-place, and openly give

the electors a choice between a vote in favour of the ministry and a beating; for this mode of influence was exercised only in certain localities. I say nothing of electoral manœuvring—of the open purchase of votes—of displacing obnoxious and intractable electors from any offices they hold—of voters in the interest of Government giving their suffrages ten and twelve times over—for these inconsistencies take place in enlightened countries;" (if the writer means France, so much the worse for France,) "but I speak of an unheard-of proceeding, but which, however, is but too certainly known, viz. the having *voting urns with false bottoms*. These exist nearly in every electoral college; they are ordered beforehand, and on the pretence of being necessary to guard against the intrigues of women and servants; and at the time of election they secure a majority for ministerial candidates. Hence the anomaly that in a country professing to hold the representative principle, there is a vivid and active opposition, and a chamber entirely ministerial!"*

It is said by the same writer that few liberals

* "Voyage au Levant." Paris, 1848.

now vote at all, and they are right. The senate is *influenced* in another way; if the Government find any opposition there, they make a majority by creating at once a sufficient batch of senators. While I was in Athens, an instance of this swamping process took place. The Queen, who in the King's absence acted as Regent, created one morning five senators, whose characters and position in life rendered them altogether unfit for the honour thus thrust upon them. This would be called in England, "*pitchforking* into the House of Peers."

In the blame of these atrocities it is impossible but that the King and the Queen must share, although the royal position is far from being either enviable or independent. All who know Otho personally give him a high character; they say that he is amiable and well-intentioned, and far from being deficient in ability; and if he has friends around him who would willingly see him above the constitution, and who aid and abet his ministry in their most unconstitutional conduct, they have at all events this excuse, that the government of the King *himself* must be better than that which at present prevails. The King is in reality a far

truer friend to Greece than the Greek ministry who surround him; and could he find sincerely patriotic and honest ministers, there is little reason to think that *he* would overturn, or wish to overturn the constitution. The Queen is perhaps more ambitious, but she is a woman of intellect, and able to fathom the people about her. At present the public mind is occupied anxiously with the question of succession. The long absence of the King is understood to have been caused by the necessity of discussing the subject in Munich and Vienna; and it is generally thought that Prince Adalbert, the younger brother of Otho, will be declared presumptive heir: indeed, there was much talk of an abdication; as yet, however, all is uncertain.

To be a King of Greece is no very desirable post: the country is in a state of deplorable disorder, the taxes are ill levied and ill collected, and ill employed when they are gathered in. Brigandage prevails, and the best method which seems to occur to the government, is to take into their pay some of the chief banditti, and to set them to hunt the rest. One of these thief-catchers,

Tzino by name, has been known to sack and burn whole villages if they refused to give up those suspected of robbery; he used torture to extract confessions, sewed up women in sacks with cats, beheaded many of his prisoners, pickled the heads and exposed them in suspected neighbourhoods, and in short, exercised an absolute power! I know not whether he be still employed, but the same methods are yet in use. On the other hand the ministry allege that even the very chairs and tables in the ministerial hotels are not safe; the Queen declines going to the theatre because the furniture of her box was stolen; and there are villages in Acarnania where one day in the year is *consecrated* to theft. I apprehend that the other three hundred and sixty-four are very much occupied in *rehearsing*. The government itself reminds Lord Palmerston, in a solemn despatch, "that he must know how difficult it is to keep down robbery in that province."

It is small praise in Greece, that capital punishments are unpopular. It is impossible to find Greeks who will undertake the office of executioner.* Foreigners were sent for to undertake the

hateful task, but they disappeared almost as soon as they came—slain by invisible hands. A few years ago, two natives of Corfu were sentenced to death, but were offered their lives on condition of becoming executioners: they accepted the conditions, and immediately *ran away!* They were, however, recaptured by some soldiers, who, knowing them only as old offenders, and not aware on what terms they had purchased pardon, took them to Patras.

"Let us go," they exclaimed, "will you have it said that Greece produced a hangman?" The soldiers disbelieved the story, and kept their prisoners; so that they were compelled to commit murder by law, as a punishment for having been amateurs in the art.

It will be seen from what has been said that Greece offers very little security either for life or property. It was but a few months ago, that one of the ministry, Corfiotaki, was assassinated in the middle of the day, as openly as Capo d'Istrias had been before him; and one or two of the principal families at Athens who were strongly suspected of being concerned in the murder were looked coldly

on at court in consequence. But really the royal family have no choice in the matter, they are *obliged* to receive persons known to be stained with this direst of crimes, and the position of Greece now is very much like what that of Scotland was during the dark ages. The king "cannot punish a chief who rides at the head of five hundred men." An Austrian occupation would be as wholesome here as it is unwholesome in Italy.

The customs of the people form a commentary on their singular and most unfortunate position. *Comfort,* as we understand it, is unknown, except among the wealthiest classes; the peasantry live as their forefathers lived in the time of Eumæus; their cottages contain not much more furniture, and their tastes and feelings run much in the same channel. The wardrobe of a Greek is frequently his fortune; whatever he can spare, he invests in some new piece of finery, until his attire is of the most splendid description. As yet the national costume is unchanged,—the gay jacket of blue or scarlet, richly embroidered, the vest and leggings to correspond, and the copious white fustanella or kilt, which contains many yards of linen. I have met

Greeks of distinction thus attired in company, and the brilliancy and variety of the costume renders a court ball at Athens a much more glittering affair than a similar fête in any other country. One thing only is incongruous to the eye of a stranger; it is, that the servants in great houses are all clothed in this rich costume, and the inexperienced traveller can see no difference between the guest who wears the garb of his country, and who is very likely a senator or a deputy, and the footman who hands him coffee or ice.

The amusements of modern Greece are not of a highly intellectual description. What can be enjoyed out of doors in this splendid climate is entered into with zest and energy. The old Pyrrhic dances are not forgotten. Men dance with men, and women with women. Races, both on foot and horseback; archery, throwing the jerreed (an amusement borrowed from the Turks), are all favourites with the οἱ πόλλοι. The theatre, partly from a cause already alluded to, does not answer; and the chief diversion within doors is gambling. Billiard-tables are very numerous in Athens; and the groups in the cafés engaged at dice or cards

are of far too frequent occurrence to be satisfactory to the reflecting mind.

Greek wine is, generally speaking, bad. But though drunkenness is uncommon, the quantity of wine consumed is enormous. The Chian and Samian wines enjoy a poetical reputation; but they are either lusciously sweet, and yet coarse in flavour, or else poor and flat. The still more celebrated wine of Cyprus may be satisfactorily imitated by taking the commonest Cape wine, and sweetening it with a large admixture of treacle. Madeira and French wines are drunk by the higher classes, and the growth of the country held in deservedly light esteem. Yet the soil, as well as the climate, are admirably adapted for the grape; and there is no reason why white wines like those of Calcavella and Paxareti should not be produced.

The Hellenic army is not numerous, but the profession is a favourite one, and the uniforms are for the most part light and elegant. Some regiments retain the Albanian costume, and bear a near approach, in appearance, to corps of Highlanders. The Greeks make good soldiers: they

are, perhaps, more adapted for guerilla than regular warfare; but they are quick, and under strong and good discipline, obedient. The Greek army owes much to Sir Richard Church, who for a long while held the office of paymaster-general. This distinguished veteran is a member of the senate for life, and greatly and deservedly respected.

The navy is small, but the Greeks are extremely good sailors, and are daring to excess. They are fond of the sea, which is, indeed, almost their native element, and were, before the war, the most valuable men in the Turkish navy.

The relations of Greece with Turkey can hardly be expected to be very cordial. So heartily are the Turks detested in Greece, that every minaret was pulled down throughout the country, as soon as it was safe to do so; and much picturesque effect is lost by this sweeping destruction. It is hardly probable that the Porte, even though increasing in prosperity, can ever contemplate the recovery of Greece; and it would be well for Greece to remember, that Turkey, though no longer her mistress, is yet a far greater power than she can hope for many centuries to be, and

that the preservation of the Ottoman empire is essential to the general well-being of Europe. A Greek state, embracing what was in ancient times comprehended within the title, and with Constantinople for a capital, is, indeed, within the limits of possibility, but according to all human probability is as yet far off in the future. Greece might be a valuable ally to the Porte, and the Porte to Greece, for their interests are in many respects alike; but there is on both sides a vindictive feeling which forbids any cordial co-operation.

From Turkey we turn to Russia, and here a very different prospect opens out to the inquirer. It has long been a darling scheme of the Muscovite to plant his standard in Constantinople. To this end has he toiled, and fought, and planned, and diplomatized. Campaign after campaign had weakened the Turkish power, and contracted the Turkish frontier, when the Greek insurrection threatened to carry the war into the interior of the enemy's country, and to make every new assault from without doubly effective. Under these circumstances it became the policy of Russia to aid the insurrection, but not to advance the independence of

Greece, and she long imagined that England would not have consented so far to dismember Turkey as to become a party to the establishment of the Hellenic kingdom.

The battle of Navarino was doubtless an *untoward* event in the eyes of Russia, inasmuch as it tended to this end. Had it merely crippled Turkey all would have been right; but it had an effect far from contemplated at the time. To those who look back, remembering the supreme sway of Providence, that battle will appear to have been an event fraught with benefit to the Porte. It stopped a wasting insurrection; it crippled a dangerous ally; and it disappointed the views of that wily power which would fain make Turkey a province of its unwieldy empire. The integrity of Turkey is now guaranteed by the very treaties which establish the independence of Greece, and all that is left for Russia to do is to make Athens a hot-bed of intrigue, and to pave the way for the abolition of treaties which stand in the way of her ambition. The great value of the treaties of 1815 is felt in the East. They were framed for the purpose of securing the interests of legitimacy, but now they

are the bulwarks of popular interests. Were it not for them, Russia would have nothing to restrain her in her westward career. A Panslavic insurrection would wrap the east of Europe in confusion, and more would be done to disturb the peace of the world in one year than could be repaired in ten.

England alone stands towards Greece in a perfectly unselfish position; she desires the advance of the Greek nation, and would allow the people fairly to make use of the privileges which the constitution allots to them. If in so doing they forget, in factious turbulence, the solemn duties which devolve upon them, she would bear patiently with their infirmities, would remember that they are but young in liberty, and that they can hardly be deemed prepared for a form of government so popular. Yet, as they have it, and as it is too late now to lead them backwards to a more elementary form, we must consent to some necessary evils, in hopes that growing intelligence will amend them.

The modern Greeks are no worse than their forefathers; *they* ostracised Aristides, because he was just, and banished Themistocles, because he

was patriotic. Miltiades was exiled for his virtues, and Socrates poisoned for his truth. We have no right to blame the Hellenic statesmen of our own day, for avoiding such dangerous examples, and for adopting the motto:—

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success;
> But do you more, Sempronius, don't deserve it."

No doubt they are wise in their generation, though certainly not children of light; meantime it is the privilege of England to set the example at once of firmness and truth. The Greeks are not blind to the power of Great Britain, nor to the prestige which attaches to her name; and they are well aware that this power is based on political truth, and that the prestige consists in the confidence of all nations. In the severe humiliation which has lately fallen on their own most unworthy and disingenuous ministers, they have received a lesson which will not be soon forgotten, and which will ultimately do more to raise the Greek character in Europe, than all the dissertations on moral excellence that ever issued from the presses of the world.

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